

DLE HOUR

POEMS

F. B. COPP

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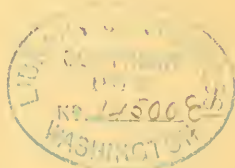




# IDLE HOUR POEMS

—BY—

FRANK B. COPP.



EASTON, PA.:  
GEO. W. WEST, PRINTER.  
1874.

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## PREFACE.

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“Another book, to swell the fearful tome  
Of literary trash!” The reader cries,  
“Already like old Babel’s foolish dome  
The tower reaches nearly to the skies,  
And foolish men—and women too—seem bent  
On raising higher still this monument.”

Not I! dear friend. Not I am thus inclined,  
But, as I scrutinize the lofty pile,  
Within its walls some little rents I find,  
And have been trying, for a little while,  
To find some “rubbish”—now I know you grin!—  
To find some rubbish fit for “filling in.”

I never claimed a Poet born to be,  
And never made the Muse—as some men do—  
My daily comrade. Speaking honestly,  
*I never read a book of poems through!*  
And yet I love to make these little rhymes,  
It makes dull life seem rosier at times.

Yet I will trust my friends with this my book.

I know they'll treat it kindly for my sake—  
And if they through its hurried pages look,  
And find upon each page a new mistake,  
Why they will only find what I have found  
Before the book was printed—cut—or bound!

But I did hope while penning these rude rhymes,  
That it might find some friends who—feeling  
dull—  
As all good men and women do sometimes,  
Might from its simple pages chance to cull  
Some little flow'r of feeling, or of thought,  
That might repay them for the book they bought.

THE AUTHOR.



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## THE REBEL CHIEF.

A LEGEND OF THE LATE REBELLION.

'Twas midnight's watch, and in his trappings grey,  
Upon his couch the Rebel Chieftain lay;  
His sword, unsheathed, lay ready by his side,  
Soiled with the spray of many a battle tide.

Without the Chieftain's tent—a muslin bower—  
No sound disturbed the midnight's sacred hour,  
Save the lone sentry's slow and ceaseless tread,  
Or sighing wind among the trees o'erhead.

Far o'er the plain the snowy tents appear,  
Like shrouded ghosts called forth by ancient Seer—  
All motionless and white the plain they spread,  
Like some vale-shadowed city of the dead.

Beyond the camp, far stretching to the North,  
A rugged hill looms from the darkness forth;  
And all along its sparsely-wooded side

Flash out the mould'ring camp-fires on the night,  
And cast weird shadows on the mossy beds,  
Where lie ten thousand weary soldiers' heads.

A singing stream, beneath whose star-gemmed waves  
A thousand slaughtered heroes found their graves,  
Rolls gently by and laves the trampled shore  
Still stained, by that day's work, with human gore;  
Its murmurs stealing sadly on the air,  
As if *it* knew the dead were sleeping there.

A weary host in tranquil slumbers lie,  
Beneath the glitt'ring star-emblazoned sky,  
Their ragged garments damp with summer dew  
And clotted blood their trusty weapons drew;—  
For fearful work was done, and blood flowed deep  
Upon the spot where now those warriors sleep.

The demon War, that hell-born fiend, was there,  
And led his furies from their cursed lair,  
To feast on human gore. The trampled sod—  
The undried pools of blood—the sulphury air—  
The mounds of earth that rudely mark the spot  
Where scores of dead are hid away to rot—  
The sleeping faces grim with battle smoke—  
The garments torn by ball or sabre stroke—  
The stifled moan, the low but anguished prayer—  
All tell at once the demon War was there!

The wounded conscripts on their rugged beds,  
In restless spirits turn their aching heads,  
And tossing to and fro, they seek, in vain,  
To still in sleep their sorrow and their pain.

But some do sleep, and in their slumbers dream  
Of pleasant cots among the shady pines,  
Where smiling faces from the window beam,  
Around whose sash the glist'ning ivy twines,  
And loving arms around their necks are thrown,  
While little heads are nestling on their own.

At home again! Ah, soldier brave and true—  
Tho' cannons roar, and scenes of bloody strife,  
That iron heart of thine cannot subdue—  
Yet dream but of the faithful, loving wife,  
Or absent babe, upon its mother's knee,  
And fame and rank will be as chaff to thee!

But not alone upon their grassy beds,  
Where rest the ragged conscripts' weary heads,  
Does Fancy weave her charms in pleasant dreams,  
Till heart and soul with joy and beauty beams.

Within the chieftain's tent she hovers now—  
With magic wand she lures his spirit on—  
Her work is seen upon his clouded brow,  
Since yester-night more dark and gloomy grown;

The look of fear upon his wrinkled face  
Speaks of a heart and spirit ill at ease.

Perchance he sees his once dear native land,  
As erst it was, ere his unholy hand  
Had deluged its fair plains with human gore,  
And made it one vast gloomy sepulchre,—  
Each grave a curse his guilty soul to smite,  
And drive him down to scenes of endless night.

Fields, once white with cotton, now look black  
With blood of victims fallen in his track;  
And where the husbandman, with happy heart,  
Rolled golden sheaves upon his creaking cart,  
The mark of Ruin now alone appears,  
And happy songs are turned to groans and tears!

The grand old mansions, where the rich and proud  
In plenty lived; where festive song and shout  
Burst out upon the sunny plains aloud,  
And echoed far among the clust'ring pine,  
Like mocking voices on the nightly shore;—  
Where freely flowed the clear, voluptuous wine,  
And light feet tripped along the sanded floor;—

Where lip touched lip to seal the lover's vow,  
And orange wreaths graced many a noble brow;—  
Where Pleasure turned her harp and music rang

Along the pillared halls, in happy song—  
Are blackened ruins, left to fall and rot,  
And mirth has left the desolated spot!

The crowded city and the bustling town,  
Where wealth and fame the hearty workers crown,  
Where once was heard the loud and busy hum  
Of steam, and stream, through mill and weavers' loom,  
The pride of wealth, the ever busy mart  
Of every branch of commerce and of art,  
Is silent now. Ah! silent do I say?  
Alas! alas! not silent night nor day!

No busy loom is heard, but in its stead,  
The anguished cry of starving ones for bread,  
Or sounds of wailing fill the tainted air,  
From hearts now filled with sorrow and despair;  
While little ones upon their mothers' knee,  
Ask why their fathers are so long delayed,  
And wonder daily what the cause may be,  
That makes their mothers weep so much of late.

The air once fragrant with the smell of flow'rs,  
From blooming fields and consecrated bowers,  
Is filled with deadly vapors; e'en the gale  
That sweeps the barren land, sounds like the wail  
Of gasping death-chants from the gory plain—  
The quiv'ring requiem of ten thousand slain.

And on the fields once fragrant with the smell  
Of orange and magnolia—sad to tell—  
The mangled forms of those who tilled the land  
Lie arm in arm, or dying hand in hand;  
While bow'rs dear to many a youthful pair,  
For words of love and truth they uttered there,  
Are trampled now beneath the spoiler's foot,  
And Death there holds his carnival of blood;

But, be his dreams of peaceful nature now,  
Some former guilt has stamped his wrinkled brow,  
And in his soul no dreams of peace can quell  
The cry of conscience and the fear of hell—  
While threat'ning spirits hover ever near,  
And whisper "Vengeance" in his list'ning ear!

And thus the chieftain lies, and dreams, and starts,  
As 'neath his load of guilt his conscience smarts;  
While all without the tent is still as death,  
No sound within but his low, gasping breath.

When just as midnight swept across the plain  
With garments black, and all her starry train  
Looked down, with sparkling eyes, to hail their queen,  
And cast their brightness on the gloomy scene,  
He lifts his head, and staring wildly 'round,  
As if some strange mysterious touch or sound  
Had roused anew his ever-present fears—  
When, lo! before his couch a form appears!



No sentinel had challenged it, before  
It stood within the chieftain's guarded door—  
Nor herald came to wake the drowsy chief  
So late at night, a stranger to receive ;  
But all alone, without a word of note,  
Within the tent, with lordly step, he strode,  
And stood composed and calm, at dead of night,  
Unmasked, unchallenged, by the chieftain's side.

A man of lofty stature, on whose brow  
Virtue was stamped, and Honor sat enthroned—  
A man to whom a nation well might bow,  
And as their monarch might have proudly owned.

Spell-bound, the guilty chieftain sat and eyed  
The noble stranger standing at his side ;  
No word he said, his lips refused to speak,  
Nor would his voice send forth a shout or shriek ;  
But dumb and speechless, like a sentenced thief  
Before his judge, reclined the stricken chief.

He knew the noble form, the lofty brow,  
The flashing eye that gazed upon him now ;  
He saw in gilded frames upon the walls,  
That noble face, within his father's halls ;  
And though he knew and felt it was the same,  
He scarce could call the stranger by his name,  
A name familiar to the world and fame.

He saw upon his brow the seal of Truth,  
And Kindness glittered in his eagle eye,  
The noble frankness of a happy youth,  
Joined with the wisdom of maturity.  
Unflinching courage and unfalt'ring love,  
The lion's boldness when in danger placed,  
The peaceful spirit of a harmless dove—  
All this the chieftain saw, as still he gazed.

But still no word was said ; silence profound,  
Lay like a haunting spell on all around,  
While strange, weird shadows flitted o'er his bed ;  
And then, when filled with strange unearthly dread,  
He vainly sought God's mercy to invoke—  
His visitor the chilling silence broke :

“ Speak not a word of pray'r, oh, recreant chief!  
Such sacrilege can bring thee no relief.  
Thy faithful guard lies dreaming on the ground  
Without thy tent, in sleep so deep no sound  
Can 'rouse him from his slumbers ere the day  
Shall drive thy visitor and night away.  
And all around the plain thy warriors lie,  
Silent as death, beneath the summer sky ;  
A potent spell, wrought by a master hand,  
Is not on thee alone, but on thy band.

“ Out upon night's dark'ning sea of gloom  
Is heard no more the cannon's distant boom ;

Nor bugle blast calls to the bloody charge,  
The harmless dupes whom thou upon the march  
Didst force, with point of steel, to follow thee  
To Shame, to Want, to Death, and Infamy.

“No martial drum is heard—the short tattoo,  
Which called thy men a little sleep to woo,  
Has long since ceased to sound, and reveille  
Will scarce be heard ere I shall part from thee,  
So undisturbed our meeting here may be,  
For I have much to say, oh! recreant son  
Of noble sires, ere yet my task is done,  
And thou shalt bid farewell to Washington!

“Thou startest! Not a word! Thy heaving chest  
And crimson check will tell thy feelings best!  
Thy soul is ill at ease, thy martial breast  
Has sought in vain for glory or for rest;  
Thy spirit, ever proud, though soaring high,  
Has soared too low the tempest to defy.

“I come to bid thee stay thy bloody hand,  
And homeward lead thy brave but erring band.  
Thy land is red with blood, the rivers glow  
With crimson waves, as to the sea they flow;  
The mountains wrapped in smoke of battle stand,  
And from their heights the work of sword and brand  
Is seen all o'er our sorrow-haunted land!

“The lurid flames of burning dwellings rise  
And leap in angry tumult to the skies—  
Each spark a curse which soon shall fall again,  
In show’rs of vengeance on the battle plain,  
The harvest fields, with golden treasures crowned,  
Are trampled down, and dead men strew the ground.

“Already has the cruel hand War  
Brought death, and want, and sorrow near and far ;  
And in thy broken ranks, and ragged band,  
Is seen the work of his unsparing hand,  
A few more battle storms, and thou shalt see  
The trusty few which still remain with thee,  
Lie gasping on the field, or o’er the plain  
All routed fly, to rally ne’er again,  
Their banners trailing in the dust, and wet  
With dripping blood their ruthless hands have shed.

“Just as the Eagle, eager for its prey,  
First circles ’round its victim far away,  
And closer presses in its ceaseless course,  
Till, inch by inch, it slowly nears and lowers,  
Then dashes down with lightning speed, to bear  
Its struggling victim high into the air,—  
So circles round thee now the gath’ring storm,  
So distant, it creates but slight alarm,  
But death and infamy are in its breast,  
And woe to thee when, from the North and West,

That storm-cloud bears in fury down on thee,  
And bursts around thee like a fiery sea!

“Already from the mountains of the North,  
A sound, like roaring thunder, rolls along;  
And from the distant West is rushing forth  
An avalanche of Freemen, old and young—  
Their voices swelling, as they threaten thee,  
Like thund’ring surges of an angry sea.

“Go back! Go back! Oh, chieftain, bold and proud!  
For even now around thy camp-fires crowd,  
With impish mirth, the phantoms Death and Want,  
With grinning teeth, and figures grim and gaunt,  
Thy ragged soldiers through the night to haunt!”

Long was the chieftain silent, cowering low,  
As if each word fell like a stunning blow  
Upon his treason-laden heart, and left  
His very soul of all its strength bereft.

But when the stranger pictured to his sight  
His broken ranks, in wild, disgraceful flight,  
His warm blood bounded to his swelling veins,  
And from his eye flashed out an angry light,  
That seemed to burn and melt the mystic chains  
Which held him captive through the dreary night;  
And springing fiercely from his couch, he swore

To prove his tale a lie, his charge unfair!  
But looking where the stranger stood before,  
Behold! no midnight visitor was there!

Surprised beyond expression, now he stood  
Within his guarded tent, at dead of night;  
A cold chill creeping through his bounding blood,  
Uncertain which to choose, alarm or flight;  
One moment thus, and then, with searching eye,  
He, panting, stood beneath the starry sky.

Above the hilltops 'round his camp, the dawn  
Was stealing softly on the cloudless sky;  
The weary sentinels, with many a yawn,  
Paced back and forth, with dull and sleepy eye.  
Nought but the murmur of the passing stream,  
Which through the night, with sad and careless sound,  
Came floating like the music in a dream,—  
Now broke the stillness reigning all around.

Up and down the silent tents among,  
With folded arms upon his swelling breast,  
The chieftain walks, while on his mem'ry throng  
The dreary scene which robbed him of his rest.

Was it a dream? Or did some phantom glide  
Within his tent, and stand there by his side?  
“What means the midnight vision? Can it be

That foul dishonor lies in wait for me?  
Will my brave men be routed—put to flight—  
Or, gasping, lie upon the field at night?

“ They stemmed the bloody tide at Roanoke—  
They wrapped themselves in sheets of battle-smoke,  
And rushed undaunted through the shades of even',  
To meet their foe above the clouds of Heav'n!  
They fought unfed, fatigued, with broken lines,  
And gained the victory at Seven Pines!  
And on Manassas' long-disputed field,  
Fought side by side, and fighting won the day,  
Spurning the Yankee columns as they reeled,  
And sent them bleeding on their homeward way!

“ And while an arm remains to wield a sword,  
My faithful men shall make no base retreat!  
Tho' vict'ry smile upon the Yankee horde,  
And my brave boys be covered with defeat,  
Amid the storm of carnage they may *die*,  
But not like cowards will they turn and fly!

“ So let the foolish dream—for dream it was—  
No more deter me in the noble cause.  
To-morrow's sun will shed its golden light  
On arms victorious in the bloody fight,  
And my brave followers shall take their ease,  
As victors crowned, in *honorable* peace.”

Thus muttering, the chieftain strode away,  
 To rouse his men to meet the coming fray.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stars were disappearing one by one ;  
 And from the East a line of silv'ry waves  
 Came rolling up the sky, and shone upon  
 The tents and hills, the stream and soldiers' graves,  
 The mountains seemed to glide upon the plain  
 Like spectres from the ghostly shores of night ;  
 And o'er the hills the night's last shadowy train  
 Moved swiftly on, then vanished out of sight.

Aurora, in her chariot of gold,  
 Came sweeping o'er the hills, while near and far  
 Her crimson banners waved in many a fold ;  
 And in her coronet one single star  
 Burned in its waning glory, clear and bright—  
 The last expiring watch-fire of the Night.  
 Then from the hills the carol of a bird  
 Came floating on the breeze, in joyous strain,  
 And soon the hum of voices could be heard,  
 As from their dew-soaked beds, all o'er the plain,  
 The weary, jaded soldiers rose again.

And now the roll of drum, and bugle blast,  
 Is sounding on the bracing morning air ;  
 And from their bivouac now are coming fast



The war-worn hosts, which through the dreary night  
Had tried to still their hunger and their care  
In fitful slumbers, till the morning light  
Should call them once again its toils to share.

Line after line in solid column wheeled—  
Footman and rider, harnessed for the fray,  
Are marching swiftly on, in close array,  
To try their fortunes on the battle-field.

And as the columns meet and pass, their cheers  
Roll o'er the hills in volumes loud and grand,  
While war-worn vet'rans grasp the parting hand  
Of tried companions, and their gath'ring tears  
Fall hot and fast upon the yielding sand.

For men can weep—not fitful childish tears,  
That come and go with every passing whim,  
But drops that lie within the well of years,  
Untouched by scorn, conceit, or childish fears ;  
That *will* spring up sometimes before they die,  
In spite of taunting words or scornful eye.

Tramp! Tramp! Tramp! with waving banners raised,  
The troops of Gordon—massed in columns strong—  
That many a storm of iron hail have faced—  
Pass by, and disappear, with cheer and song.  
With head erect, and charger tightly reined,

Brave Early next comes sweeping 'round the hill,  
His grizzled vet'rans, grim and battle-stained,  
With martial step, and calm, determined will.  
And thus corps after corps comes sweeping on,  
With clash of music, till the hills and plain  
Bristle and move beneath the morning sun,  
Like wind-swept fields of summer's golden grain.

The noise and bustle of the moving camp  
Had almost ceased, and sounding far away,  
The beating drum, the roll of wheels, the heavy tramp  
Of marching squadrons, hast'ning to the fray,  
Came back upon the breezes fitfully,  
Like rolling surges of the distant sea—  
When from his tent the Rebel Chieftain strode.  
His charger, black as midnight, neighed and spurned  
The ground before his tent, as if he burned  
With fierce impatience for the field of blood.  
Mounting in eager haste, as if he, too,  
Could scarce await the pending battle storm,  
He proudly nodded to the chosen few—  
His gallant staff on many a bloody day—  
And rode in silence from the camp away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sunlight gleams upon the hills that stand  
'Round Petersburg like giant sentinels,  
Rearing their heads in clouds of silv'ry mist—

Standing like Nature's bulwarks, firm and grand—  
As if their Maker placed them to resist  
The near approach of foes from sea or land;  
But in the mist that gathers on the hills,  
Lurks Death! with yawning jaws and bloody hand!

All through the morning, far as eye could see,  
Came line on line of solid infantry;  
And horsemen riding proud and gallantly,  
And trains of powder-stained artillery—  
Like monster serpents winding o'er the plain,  
And 'round the hills they sank and rose again,  
Like ocean waves upon the wind-swept sea.

Two armies, battle-scarred, whose serried ranks  
Have reeled, and charged, in many a bloody fight,  
Lie crouching on the hills and river banks,  
Whose trampled sod, before the mists depart,  
Shall lap the blood of many a throbbing heart.

Line upon line of living pillars stand,  
Like solid walls of flesh, on every hand,  
While death-like silence reigns on all around.  
The quiv'ring columns, waiting for the sound  
Of opening battle, sternly stand, and eye  
The foe-crowned hills that just before them lie—  
For from those hills the fatal shot will come,  
To hasten many a soldier to his home!

Look! did you see that flash of sulph'rous light,  
 That shone on yonder hill, just now, so bright?  
 See! from its crest a little cloud of smoke  
 Goes curling upward to the summer sky!  
 Hark! What noise, just now, the sleeping echoes woke  
 Among the hills, with many a warning cry?  
 Again!—a flash! a cloud of smoke! a sound  
 Like distant thunder echos all around!

'Tis but the prelude to the battle song  
 That soon shall roll these rocky hills among!  
 For see! the flashes come more thick and fast,  
 Like lurid lightning with the tempest blast!  
 The storm is bursting now! Too late to fly—  
 We'll watch its fury as it surges by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Heavens! what a crash! From hill to hill  
 The thunder answers thunder, while a thrill  
 Like mortal terror, shakes the ground,  
 And sleeping rocks seem from their beds to bound!  
 The beating drums, and clash of instruments—  
 The solid tramp of charging regiments—  
 The yell of rushing squadrons, and the roar  
 Of twice ten thousand muskets, as they pour  
 A storm of seething flame and iron hail  
 Upon the wave'ring lines—makes even nature quail!

Long lines of running fire hiss and glare,  
Like fiery serpents through the dark'ning air;  
And sheets of flame, like ocean waves on fire,  
Dash on the plain, and, rolling fiercer, higher,  
Sweep from the field whole lines of infantry,  
And launch them off into Eternity!

The deaf'ning cannon's roar, and bursting shell,  
The horrid din of battle help to swell;  
While heated balls with red and sullen glare,  
Rush like swift meteors through the smoky air!  
The neigh of horses, as they wildly fly,  
Riderless and frantic o'er the plains;  
The cries of wounded soldiers as they die,  
Their upturned faces black with powder stains;  
The victors' loud huzzah, the anguished pray'r,  
The cry of vengeance from a thousand throats;  
The haunting shrieks of mortals in despair,  
As Death upon its helpless victim gloats;  
The clash of sabres and the bugle blast,  
All swell the horrors of War's Holocaust!

On yonder hill, close by the shady wood,  
Where, in the early morn, a mansion stood—  
Now vanished, torn by ball and bursting shell,  
Till naught is left its history to tell—  
Behold the fiercest struggle of the fray!—

A line of rifle-pits, from which all day  
The rebel guns upon their foemen play.

Across the plain a single regiment  
Comes dashing on, with banners soiled and rent,  
And as they sweep across the smoky plain,  
The rebel balls upon their bosoms rain,  
Till fearful gaps their reeling columns show,  
And streams of blood around their footsteps flow.

But still they onward press, nor ball nor shell  
Shall drive them from the course they now pursue;  
Though half their number in their pathway fell,  
Or less should live the horrid tale to tell,  
These rifle-pits must cease their work to do!

They reach the hill, but fearful to behold,  
Three-fourths their number lie upon the field;  
And as the battle smoke around them rolled,  
As if the noble band from death to shield,  
All o'er the field the fearful din was hushed,  
As up the hill the bleeding remnant rushed!

Bending their blackened faces to the ground,  
As o'er their heads the howling shells were hurled,  
Still upward, where the belching cannon frowned,  
While clouds of sulphur 'round their columns curled,  
The brave but battered remnant swiftly bound!

They reach the top! And now, their fire reserved,  
With one wild shout they dash upon the works;  
One moment 'neath the shock the column swerved,  
As on their eyes the seething fire lurks—  
Then, with a cry that echoed far away,  
Their muskets blazed, and roar'd and flashed again;  
Then stock and barrel whistled in the air,  
As, hand to hand, the conflict ended there.

The smoke is lifted now, and from the hill  
A shout of vict'ry ring across the plain.  
The works are carried, and the cannon still  
Send out their storms of fire and iron rain;  
But now the guns are turned, and burning hail  
Pours on the ranks that used them long and well.

Swerving from point to point the conflict roars,  
Louder the thunders crash along the hills!  
Fiercer the raging battle-torrent pours  
Its crimson flood' upon the trampled plain!  
Fed by a thousand little purple rills,  
That ripple down to mingle there again.

The evening shadows steal across the plain,  
The sun is sinking in a sea of blood,  
The frightened birds now seek to sleep in vain,  
Within the shelter of the distant wood;  
And still the battle rages loud and fierce.

The red-mouthed cannon sing their songs of Death ;  
 And still the sabres clash, and cut, and pierce ;  
 And soldiers strike mad blows with panting breath,  
 While ever and anon a column reels  
 Beneath the blows that follow thick and fast,  
 Then marshals all its waning strength, and wheels  
 In fury on the foe, with cheer and bugle-blast.

And thus the fight went on, till darkness spread  
 Her gloomy veil on living and on dead ;  
 When roll of drum and winding bugle, call  
 The weary soldiers from their work of blood,  
 To seek such rest—if rest it is at all—  
 As soldiers find, who, through the day, have stood  
 Unfed, and weary, in the bloody fray,  
 And know the work begins again at break of day.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis midnight once again. The stars look down  
 Upon the blood-stained earth with dusky eyes,  
 As if the mournful sight they looked upon  
 Caused sadness even in the starry skies.  
 For many a mile the hills and vales are strewn  
 With mangled forms of dying and of dead.  
 Ten thousand voices sounding yester-noon,  
 Are silent now—ten thousand spirits fled !  
 The groans of wounded men sound on the air,



Mingling with cries of pain, and anguished pray'r,  
While ruthless Death is busy everywhere.

Within the Rebel camp confusion reigns ;  
Long lines of heavy-laden wagon trains  
Are moving quickly from the camp away—  
And troops are gathering in quick array—  
Officers ride swiftly to and fro  
With messages whose import none may know,  
But those from whom they come, to whom they go.

Tents are struck, and cannon, black with smoke,  
That through the day the mountain echoes woke,  
Are taken from the works and dragged away,  
Or spiked, and left as worthless, where they lay.  
The rebel hosts, disheartened by defeat,  
Are now preparing for their last retreat.

All through the dreary night the Rebel host  
Is gath'ring silently from every post ;  
And line on line are marching out of sight,  
The beaten columns through the silent night ;  
Until the waning watch-fires, burning low,  
A silent and deserted camp-ground show.

All through the night is heard the sullen tread  
Of broken armies, from their victors fled.  
The morning finds them still in full retreat,  
Hopeless, weary, hungry, sore of foot,

While in their rear are heard the tramping feet  
Of overwhelming numbers in pursuit!

And through the long, long day fierce shell and ball,  
Upon their weary, wasted columns fall;  
And when another night its mantle throws  
Upon the field of carnage, still the blows  
Of conquering legions fall, like thunderbolts,  
Upon the sinking columns of their foes.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again the sun appears—not on the field  
Of death and carnage, where, like bloody shield,  
It hung for five long days, as if to hide  
From Angel eyes the soul-revolting sight.

Legions of soldiers, battle-tried, are there,  
Crowding the hills and valleys far and near.  
But silent now, the iron-throated guns,  
Like pinioned mastiffs, stand around the plain;  
While lance and sabre lie at rest for once,  
Where they, we pray, forever may remain.

The Union army, crowned with victory,  
Stands massed in solid columns to the right;  
And on the left the battered ranks of Lee,  
In wild confusion from their recent flight.  
Between the two, the Rebel Chieftain stands,  
With drooping head and tightly-folded hands.

A prisoner at last! Defeated! Fallen! Lost!  
Defeated in his mad, unholy cause;  
Fallen from the pinnacle of Fame,  
Where patriot sires had carved his loyal name;  
Lost to his country! Lost—oh! fearful loss!—  
To everything on earth excepting Shame!

A passing cloud obscures the morning sun,  
And on the distant hills the chieftain sees  
A line of shadows, gliding slowly on,  
Upon the leafage of the forest trees,  
Shading the mountain side on every hand,  
Like ghostly columns from the Spirit-land.

The chieftain gazed in silence on the scene,  
Forgetful of the hosts that 'round him stood;  
For in that picture, on the field of green,  
He saw the dead, who, welt'ring in their blood,—  
Compelled by him to stem the crimson tide—  
Had cursed his name as on the field they died.

And then once more the chieftain seemed to see  
The midnight visitor within his tent;  
Once more he heard the fearful prophecy  
Of black defeat—of armies bruised and rent;  
Then as the last dark shadows sped away,  
He murmured sadly: "Such my fate has been  
A haunting shadow, like the one I see  
Upon yon moving page of mountain green."

## L I F E .

This life is *not* a vulgar comedy,  
 Where every man's a clown, and woman fair  
 A bit of ornamental vanity—  
 False face, false form, and some dead sister's hair.

There *are* too many clowns, we must admit—  
 Some low, base, grov'ling fools, who live—  
 With vulgar babblings, falsely christened "wit"—  
 The *meaner* side of human life to give!

There *are* too many women, weak as fair,  
 Who live one round of *fashion* till they die—  
 Their lives, of good deeds, empty as the air—  
 Not half as useful as the butterfly!

But there *are* noble *men*, and *women*, too,  
 Who aim at higher deeds than picking holes  
 In other characters, or cringe and bow  
 At Fashion's Shrine, as if they had no souls.

Men, proud and fearless, climbing ever on  
To greater heights, to brighter spheres, where night  
From Reason and from Reason's God has flown,  
And left the mountains steeped in golden light!

*They* see beyond the pale and flickering glare  
Of worldly folly, and the feeble light  
Of dull, chaotic minds, a field more fair  
Than fabled story paints in colors bright.

There *is* some noble work for *all* to do:  
Life has no holiday to sit and play—  
No time to stop each piping bird to view,  
Or brush each crawling insect from the way.

Too many voices calling all around,  
For life, for health, for comfort, and for light.  
To pause one moment in Life's busy round  
To play the *role* of clown—fools to delight!

## AUTUMN LEAVES.

Silently, noiselessly, down they drop,  
Shower on shower of crimson and gold,  
Circling awhile in the Autumn breeze,  
Forming a carpet for field and wold.  
So on the dark battle-fields of Life,  
Leaves from the great Tree of Time are whirled—  
Silently, tremblingly, thousands of souls  
Daily are winging their way from the world!

Solemnly, mournfully, one by one—  
Glowing and fluttering all around—  
Beautiful, wondrous in color and form,  
Leaf after leaf rustles down to the ground.  
Thus in the dear quiet homes of the land,  
One, then another, was taken away,  
Breaking a link in the family chain.  
Children all blooming, and parents all grey,  
Blasted by sorrow and shrivelled with pain—  
Solemnly, mournfully, one by one,  
Over the River of Death have gone!

Thoughtfully, reverently, ponder, I pray,  
All that the dropping leaves tell us to-day—  
Out in the Forest of Life, you and I  
Tremblingly wait but to wither and die ;  
Wait for the death-frosts of Winter to come,  
Solemnly, silently, calling us home !

## FORGET.

You ask us to "forget the Past"—  
To drive away  
The mem'ries crowding thick and fast  
Round us to-day!

You bid us banish from our sight  
The Past so dear,  
And leave the Present—none too light—  
More dark and drear!

Too few its pleasures to forget—  
God only knows!  
And in its bosom nestle yet  
Too many woes!

'Tis true, the Past no pleasure brings—  
Its joys are fled;  
But round the rose a perfume clings,  
E'en when 'tis dead!



Some things we never *could* forget,  
E'en though we *would* !  
And some we never would forget,  
E'en though we *could* !

## CONTENTMENT.

I have seen so many flowers  
 Blooming far beyond my reach;  
 Dreamed amid life's sunny hours,  
 Dreams all full of golden showers,  
 Dropping ever on my way;—  
 Dreams that only this can teach:—  
 "All we wish, cannot be ours"—  
 We must watch and wait, and pray!"

Out upon life's checkered highway  
 Glistens many a crystal light,  
 While we tread some lonely by-way—  
 Yearning toward the starry sky-way,  
 Leading up from pain and night!  
 But those crystal treasures, brother,  
 Are beyond your reach and mine;  
 Let us strive to gain some other,  
 Far more precious and more bright—  
 Some sweet joy that shines forever,  
 With a sweeter, holier light!

## ONLY A LITTLE LOCK OF HAIR.

Only a little lock of hair—  
Perhaps one hundred silken strands,  
Tied with a ribbon bright and fair—  
Lies curling in my hands.

Only? Yes, only that, my churl!  
But you can never, never know  
What priceless wealth is in that curl,  
What meaning in that bow!

I would not give one silken thread,  
That long ago so softly curled  
Around some darling little head,  
For all this faithless world!

Each thread is strong as band of steel  
To bind me to the sunny Past,  
Whose mystic power my soul shall feel  
While life and feeling last!

I see, in dreams, the darling brow  
On which the little lock of hair  
Once nestled sweetly, wrinkled now  
With life's dull pain and care.

But round the drooping head I see  
The golden smile, like sunlight play ;  
And in my soul I feel 'twill be  
The same dear head for aye !

Only a little lock of hair !  
Only a little faded bow !  
But earth contains no gift so rare  
'Midst all its wealth below !

## OUR DEAD CANNONEER.

▪ -

The sound of strife was on the air, the cannon's  
thunder rolled.

And echoed from old Sumpter's walls, o'er  
mountain, stream and wold,

Then died away with sullen roar among the  
forests old.

A youth, just in the prime of life, his bounding  
veins aglow

With loyal blood—like that which flowed some  
ninety years ago,

Staining the fields of Lexington, and Valley  
Forge's snow,—

Bade weeping friends a sad farewell, and rushed  
to meet the foe!

Amid the deaf'ning roar that shook the earth  
at Malvern Hill—

And where Antietam's streams of blood formed  
many a purple rill,

The canon of our soldier youth was not a  
moment still!

Within the dreary Wilderness, where many a  
comrade fell,  
Before the walls of Petersburg, 'mid flying ball  
and shell,  
Surrounded by such scenes of woe, no mortal  
tongue can tell,  
He stood, undaunted, by his gun, and served  
his country well.

At last the sound of war was hushed, and silent  
was his gun,  
The storm of war had passed away when  
Petersburg was won,  
And homeward sped our Cannoneer, when all his  
work was done.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sound of martial music, swells once more  
upon the air,  
The cannon booms among the hills and wakes  
the echos there,  
But bids no bitter enemy for war and death  
prepare.

The music sounds more like a dirge, than like  
a battle call,  
And on the ground the measured steps more  
soft and lightly fall,  
Than when they pressed upon the foe, with  
deadly steel and ball.

The soldiers maimed and battle scarred, with  
stern but solemn face,

Look neither to the right nor left while marching  
to the place—

Where sleep, in many a narrow tomb, the forms  
of murdered braves,

To strew the flow'rs of early spring upon their  
comrades' graves—

When, hark! above the cannon's roar, above  
the music's swell,

Is heard the voice of pain and woe, they all  
remember well:

“A comrade shot! a comrade shot! we saw  
him as he fell!”

\* \* \* \* \*

And here amid the scenes of youth, close by  
his home so dear,

While round him thronged his early friends,  
he found a soldier's bier.

Thus one by one ye warriors brave, your comrades  
pass away,

Though hushed the din of battle now, Death  
still will have his prey.

And now another grave he adds to those you  
just have crowned,

Another wreath is wanting when another year  
rolls round,  
Another flag will wave above a newly sodded  
mound.



## DAY-DREAMS.

I had a pleasant dream, dear Ned, to-day.  
 I dreamed I saw the flashing sunlight play  
 Upon the mountain lake, where you and I  
 So often watched the purple-tinted sky,  
     In days gone by.

I almost felt the same old feeling roll  
     Upon my restless soul.

The birds sang just as sweetly there to-day ;  
 The streamlet skipped as gaily on its way ;  
 The flowers bloomed as brightly, and the breeze  
 Sighed just as mournfully among the trees ;  
     And just as then  
 My lusty song went rolling through the glen,  
     And echoed back again!

I saw each spot amid the sylvan shade  
 Where we once lingered long, or swiftly stray'd,  
 I heard the insects chirp, the cow bells ring,

And saw the barking squirrels nimbly spring  
 High in the air,  
 Or on the swaying cedar branches swing—  
 A happy, loving pair!

I traced each path around the silent woods;  
 The mossy rocks, the fitful sunlight floods:  
 The drooping ferns along the mountain side;  
 The surging mountains rolling far and wide,  
 All shadow-crowned—  
 The same quaint, ghostly shadows glide,  
 Like then, on all around!

The lake, as clear as crystal, pictures still  
 Upon its breast the quiet, pine-clad hill!  
 And 'neath its waves the darting fishes play,  
 Or, motionless, upon the pebbles lay.  
 Naught changed—but I!  
 I wandered sadly 'mid those scenes to-day  
 With heavy, tearful eye!

Each object there, dear Ned, is dear to me;  
 Sweet mem'ries cluster 'round each rock and tree.  
 The echo of some music we there made  
 Seems trembling still amid the sylvan shade;  
 And voices ring  
 Cheerily o'er mountain top and glade,  
 That never more will sing!

## LIFE IS JUST AS WE MAKE IT.

Life is just what we make it, I do believe—

I never could see it before—

A singular, angular golden sheaf

Rolled in on Time's threshing floor.

We hammer and flail, the long, long day,

To get at the golden grains ;

We winnow, and winnow, to gather the joy,

And scatter the sorrows and pains.

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

How we go for the golden grains !

Life is just as we choose it—I know it now ;

I know what to choose it for me :

'Tis sipping the honey wherever I go,

Just like the good " busy bee."

'Tis kissing the sunlight and chasing the birds

With plumage so bright and so fair ;

'Tis catching the smiles and the tender words

That meet us most everywhere !

Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!

Kiss the sunlight so bright and so fair !

Life is just as we live it—we must confess :

Let us turn to its bright side awhile :

The sunlight is better than shadows, I guess,

The earth-weary heart to beguile.

Let us say to the shadows “ begone from me now !”

Let us bid the fair sunshine “ come in !”

Let us drink of the cup that is waiting for us,

As long as it offers no sin !

Heigh-ho ! Heigh-ho !

Let us bid the fair sunshine “ come in !

## I DON'T CARE.

I don't care ! The skies may frown o'erhead,  
And cast their gloomy shadows on my way ;  
Though all the hopes I cherished once are dead.  
And I am vanquished in Life's heated fray.  
I know that others, like myself, are there,  
Who daily crosses through the darkness bear :  
Why should I growl or murmur ? I don't care !

I don't care how much my neighbors gain  
Of this world's lucre, or how great they be ;  
I know that others, like myself, feel pain,  
Though never pinched by want or poverty.  
As long as rich men must life's sorrows share,  
And all alike life's heavy burdens bear—  
If not as rich as some—sure, I don't care !

I don't care how much the gossip's tongue  
May wag around me, use my humble name ;  
The tongue of Slander may be short or long,  
If it but lies, why it is all the same.

The little gnats will gather in the air,  
But they will not destroy the sunshine there ;  
So let them hum their songs—sure, I don't care !

I don't care how long or short my race ;  
If long, 'twill give me chance to spin more rhyme ;  
If short, some other one will fill my place,  
And make much better use of precious time.  
There is not much we mortals do or dare—  
If life is long or short, if dark or fair ;—  
So let it either be—sure, I don't care !

QUERIES; OR, CAN YOU TELL?

There is a star that shines more bright  
 Than all the silver stars of night—  
 At least more bright as far as I  
 Can see them flame along the sky:  
 Its color glows more sweet and rich  
 Than all the rest—Can you tell which?

There is a gentle fragrant flower,  
 The purest one in field or bower,  
 That smiles so sweetly on its stem—  
 'Tis worth a monarch's diadem!  
 It blooms in beauty wondrous rare,  
 Quite near our homes—Can you tell where?

There is a little singing bird,  
 With sweetest voice you ever heard;  
 It often sings for you and me  
 Its sweetest, softest melody,  
 Then flies away toward the sky—  
 It never stays—can you tell why?

There is a little—well, ah, well,  
I see no earthly use to tell !  
'Tis something fair, with wondrous power,  
More dear than star, or bird, or flower,  
Without it life would be a blot.  
So dear is—Can you tell me what ?



## LINES TO MRS. S——.

There are some regions where no flowers bloom—  
 Where Winter reigns with icy chill and gloom—  
     Lifeless, and bleak, and bare!  
 So there are hearts where sunshine seldom glows,  
 Where nothing bright and pleasing ever grows—  
     My flower blooms not there!

There are some skies without one star to light  
 The dreary pathway through the gloom of night,  
     Where naught is bright or fair!  
 There are some lives as dark as night, and cold  
 As winters snows—hearts in their youth grown old—  
     My bright star shines not there!

There are some groves where no bird ever sings  
 Its Summer songs, nor music ever rings  
     Upon the silent air!—  
 And there are hearts where all the weary years  
 No song-bird sings to soothe their pains and fears;—  
     My pet bird sings not there!

Could flowers, and birds, and stars, as you suggest,  
Possess all hearts, all mortals would be blest—

No heart could ask for more :

And yet the yearnings and the plaintive cries  
Of lonely hearts beneath the bending skies,

Bleeding, and faint, and sore—

Tell us too plain, my kind friend Mrs. S——,  
There is no perfect, lasting happiness

Beneath the golden sun ;

No flower so sweet as that I dream of now—

No bird so fair, no star so bright, I vow,

As those I dote upon !

I fain would name the flower that blooms so bright—  
The star that shines the brightest through the night—

The bird I love so well :

But much I fear the flower would droop and die !

The bird grow mute ! the star fade from my sky ;

Indeed, I dare not tell !

Sometime—sometime—if you and I shall meet,  
Where deathless sunshine lights the golden street,

And summer never dies—

I there may tell what you may never guess,

Where all will find true joy and happiness,

Beyond the starry skies !

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

Back, dark-faced Fear and Doubt! I feel a thrill  
Of such fantastic pleasure in my heart—  
So strong a power in my long-bound will—  
As never yet I felt! And on my mind  
Gleams now a radiance, grand and sweet;  
Methinks my life-tide turned with sudden start,  
And left the debris of my blasted life behind!

I ride upon the sunlit waves of life,  
Far out upon the long detested stream.  
And all along its gold-tinged shore I see  
No vestige of its battles. Like a dream,  
Its shadows all have passed away from me,  
And left me victor 'mid its scenes of former strife!

I am myself to-day! Stripped of the chains  
Which bound my spirit captive for awhile;  
I feel a thrill of freedom in my veins—  
And gazing on the trampled field, I smile

When I remember how the battle-tide has rolled,  
And carries on its waves its own dark fears and pains!

Give me more room! I want a broader field!  
Freed from the chains of false and fickle "rules."  
Where I my sword in freedom still may wield,  
And smile at life's oft meaningless alarms;  
I'll take what life for pleasure freely yields,  
And only shun *what I myself think* truly harms!

Life has no limits but in days and years!  
And phantoms flit across each pilgrim's way.  
Foolish the man who ever loves or fears  
The ghosts that flit around him every day!  
For chasing shadows in the sunlight gay,  
Is but an idle and, for man, a senseless play!

## WOMAN'S LIPS.

Ah! woman's lips,

All wreathed in smiles to win the granite heart  
 Of rude, "unsympathetic man," where battle's shock,  
 Turns unsuccessful from the citadel,  
 And carry captive him who stood the charge  
 Of many a dauntless foe. Fair rosy lips!  
 Blushing with love's own tints, and steep'd  
 In Love's own nectar sweet, intoxicating sweet!  
 How like the quoted bee we hover there,  
 To taste their fresh, ambrosial sweets, and drink,  
 And drink, till blind, delirious, drunk, we read—  
 Or think we read—our future his-to-ry  
 In sparkling eyes, and rosy cheeks, and smiles,  
 That hang like gold around the crimson clouds  
 Of well curved lips; but only read ('tis strange!)  
 Of sunny days, of placid years, of peace  
 That never come! Of golden fruit that turns  
 To bitter dust, like Dead Sea apples, when  
 Man's lips have probed them through the outer shell!

Alas ! how oft those lips, in mildew steeped,  
Bear in their velvet folds the drugs of Death !  
How woman's lips have turned the tide of Love,  
And rolled the surges of dull Hate upon  
The tender, trusting hearts, sending a thrill  
Of deepest agony along the cords  
That bound, like chains " electric," heart to heart ;  
Tearing agape again scars almost healed,  
Or striking wounds where none had ever been ;  
Turning their brightness into midnight's shade ;  
Clouding the hopes that shone, in rainbow hues,  
Along their cloudless sky, and laying low,  
By one dread blow, the dreamy, quiet halls  
All filled with voiceless music, and the glow  
Of changeless splendor which their fancy built ;  
Leaving them naught but darkness in the soul,  
And only chaos, dark and cold, without !  
Thy lips, fair woman, though nectar-steeped they be,  
Have wrecked more lives and damned more trusting  
souls  
Than Rum or Fashion, though they yearly count  
Their helpless victims by a thousand scores !

And yet, how much of good those lips can do  
If used aright ! Why, I have seen a shade,  
Dark as the clouds that curtain in their folds  
The bridled thunders, steal upon the face

Of sin-scarred man, as friendly lips of *man*  
Spoke words of kindest warning, but in vain;  
And saw that cloud dispelled when *woman's lips*  
Dropped gently words of stronger meaning still;  
While, sinking low, the proud, defiant head  
Paid homage to a loving woman's heart,  
Whose honest feelings trembled on her lips,  
And stole like angel visitors, whose wings  
Were laden with the sunshine and the dew,  
Into the restless, yearning heart, and nestled there,  
With Peace, and Hope, and Love around the throne!

Oh sister fair! let this the mission be  
Of rosy lips we love to press: Let gentle words  
Alone escape their portals, and the smiles  
That wreath them be of honest meaning, too!  
And many a cloud will quickly pass away,  
And many a wound will close, and close for aye;  
And many a darksome heart will sometimes feel  
The gentle sunshine in its chambers steal;  
And many a life that now but bitter sips  
Will drink sweet nectar from thy rosy lips!

## MY PEN AND I.

## A FAREWELL SONG.

We two have lived and worked together  
 For many years;  
 In sunshine bright, in dark and stormy weather,  
 'Mid hopes and fears.  
 No truer friend have I, though many claim  
 A legal right unto the sacred name.  
 We long have served each other faithfully—  
 My pen and I

We tasted, too, our share of joy and sorrow,  
 Within the past;  
 Wishing full oft that through the dreaded morrow  
 Our dreams might last;  
 Praying on many a dull and dreary day,  
 That some of life's dull pain might pass away,  
 Ere we should hushed and all unconscious lie,  
 My pen and I.



And now we bid the world a sad adieu,

Perhaps for years!

Our silence must be humored, and the few,

Whose smiles or fears,

Have cheered us on, and praised the lines so rude

We sometimes gave the world in wandering mood,

Will live on happy still, remembered by

My pen and I.

We never found the world as bright and fair

As some we knew,

Though we have sought its pleasures, here and there,

As others do.

Some tempting fruit we picked, and ate, to find

But bitter ashes 'neath the golden rind,

Till we have learned to call them all a lie.

My pen and I.

Within the shadows of the coming years

Some thoughts may live,

Which, free from cankered care and foolish fears,

We yet may give

Unto a fickle world, something to tell,

When we are absent, that we meant it well,

And tried so do some good beneath the sky—

My pen and I.

We have a work to do, of duty and of love,

And weary days

And nights of sleepless vigils yet may prove,  
    Ere hope decay,  
That life, though burdened, may be made to yield  
Some fruit worth plucking in its barren field,  
Ere side by side, in lasting rest, shall lie  
    My pen and I.

And we will labor on—not all alone—  
    Together still!  
Praised by the world, or by the world unknown,  
    Just as it will!  
We still will labor on—forget the Past,  
Which o'er us long its sable shadows cast;  
We two will faithful prove until we die,  
    My pen and I.

For those we love we heave a long, long sigh  
    Of deep regret;  
And those we hate we promise faithfully  
    Soon to forget!  
To all we wish a happy life, and long—  
A life of Summer sunshine and of song—  
Long after we have ceased to say “Good-bye”—  
    My pen and I.

## MY APOLOGY;

OR, HOW I CAME TO WRITE.

And this is how I came again to write:  
 Some busy friend—and such I have a few—  
 Met me one day, as such friends sometimes do;  
 Said she, “You promised me some lines, you know.”  
       Said I “All right!”

“But then,” I added, “did I not just slide  
 From public print, and say I would not pen  
 A single verse of rhyme, for years, again—  
 At least not for the public, ma’m;” and then—  
       Says she, “All right.”

“Oh, well,” said I, “if *right* is always ‘write,’  
 Or if one writing only can be right,  
 Why wanting to be right, I’ll write, in spite  
 Of all that’s said or done:” “But then you might,”  
       Says she, “All right!”

But let me speak," said I ; " I think you might  
At least excuse me from appearing vain ;  
Give me some subject that will help explain  
Why I take up my banished pen again."

Says she, " All right."

And then she handed me a slip of white  
Note paper, clean as newly fallen snow,  
Without a word upon its face, to show  
What in the world she meant ; but, bending low,

She said, " All right!"

" Oh well!" said I, " if every simple wight  
Has taken to his pen, as you contend—  
If all do write, I must my little lend  
To swell the flood, and please my little friend.

Says she, " All right."

" All right!" said I ; " if all do really write,  
And you will promise not to be displeas'd  
With what I write, nor publish it at least,  
Why here it goes—a funeral or a feast!"

Says she, " All right!"

And then I wrote my little " note at sight,"  
Just as it follows, without stop or stay,  
And read it to her ere she went away.  
A madder woman does not live to-day

Than she, when I had read, with accent low,  
The harmless lines that follow right below :  
And ere I thought of giving you the hint,  
My foolish lines were copied and in print !

[*What I Wrote.*]

NOTHING.

This sheet had nothing on when first it came—  
Not e'en a single line, or word, or name ;  
It came for nothing and for nothing went,  
And that was all the little paper meant !  
Nothing caused it to come, and nothing it has found,  
Not e'en a scratch, much less a gaping wound !  
To nothing it shall also be consigned,  
Leaving nothing at all to gain, or lose, behind !  
Just like some folks we know, who sometimes send  
Such foolish nothings, and the while pretend  
To do great things within a little minute—  
This note is just like them—there's nothing in it !  
Nothing I care for those who lately sent it,  
Nor do I care if thy should else repent it :  
'Tis just the thing, since there is nothing better  
About themselves than came in this, their letter !

## PARDEE HALL.

The storms will beat, in coming years, upon  
 Thy time-stained walls, and sing their songs  
 Of Mirth and Sadness, as they sweep the hill  
 On which thy turrets rise to greet the sun—  
 The balmy zephyrs sigh among the trees,  
 Clothed in their Summer garb of green, and kiss  
 The nodding grass upon its curving slopes ;  
 But in the chorus of the Winter winds,  
 And in the whisp'rings of the Summer breeze,  
 The name of him who reared with God's good help,  
 Thy stately walls, will echo still the same.  
 And those who listen as they linger there,  
 Will look with beaming eyes to Him who rules  
 The boundless universe—so wise and good—  
 And thank Him that this selfish, jostling world  
 Still holds some men with hearts both good and great  
 Like noble Ario Pardee !

Thy granite walls will speak his noble name  
 When tongues that utter now his praises, turned

To mould'ring dust, can speak no word of praise  
Or censure more; for greater far than names  
Of lauded hero's—carved with flashing steel  
On blood-stained battle-field, where flesh  
Of human kind the pillars formed—the name  
Of him who reared this monument of love!  
Yes, he did more to benefit the world,  
And claim our praise, than he who long ago  
Sat gazing at the flashing stars, that looked  
With mocking glance upon the haughty man,  
And wept because his proud ambitious soul  
Had touched the bound'ry line of human power,  
And left no single realm within his reach  
Still unsubdued, on which his war-stained sword  
Might carve his martial name!

His name will echo in thy spacious halls  
While hearts are true and mem'ry holds a claim  
Upon the sunny Past. And men who there  
Will lay the corner-stone to greatness, or  
To wealth, will whisper with a reverence  
Not unmixed with gratitude the name  
Of him who reared a temple, in whose halls  
The swift winged angel science built her home,  
And bears the mind of those—or rich or poor—  
Who gather at her shrine, to regions yet  
Unknown, but full of light, and life for him  
Who soars far out into her sun-lit realms!

Move on, proud, favored Lafayette!—move on  
To honor and to fame, and take thy place  
Among thy bright-eyed sisters of the world!  
With such a consort as thy friend Pardee  
Has kindly given thee to-day, thy course  
Must ever upward tend and brighter grow.  
And when amid the flood of golden light  
The coming years will bring—driving the night  
Of ignorance away, and beckoning  
Fair Virtue to come in and gently rule  
A chastened world—the teachers of the earth  
Shall cluster round her throne, to take their crowns  
So richly earned, thy form, graceful and fair,  
Will rise among the group, and thy deep voice  
Be heard with rev'rence as it rings  
In tones of thrilling eloquence all o'er the world!



## A U T U M N .

.

Autumn with red lips sings again her songs  
Of dreamy sweetness on our mountain tops ;  
Lulling the busy insect world to sleep ;  
And wooing from their home the wintry winds,  
To race in playful frolic o'er the fields,  
Ruffling the quiet streamlet's silv'ry breast,  
And softly whisp'ring tales of long ago  
To drooping leaves, and vines, and moss clad rocks.  
Clothed in her robes of royalty, she comes ;  
Planting her crimson banners, fringed with gold,  
On every hill ; hedging the streams and fields  
With purple and vermilion hues ; till all  
The vast expanse of field, and hill, blazes  
With flaming colors, like the crimson glow  
Of gleaming camp-fires on the battle plains  
In midnight's quiet hour ! With mystic wand  
Touching the hills, deep quiet steals o'er all.  
The song of bird and insect sound no more.  
The nimble squirrel leaps from tree to tree,

With lighter spring; and e'en the pheasant seems  
To beat its wild tattoo with softer blow.  
The rip'ning nuts drop with a sound subdued,  
And hide amid the trembling leaves strewn all around.  
The timid rabbit sits and sleeps—and dreams—  
Among the silken tufts of sun-tinged grass,  
Unmindful of the hunter's wary tread,  
Till all too late he wakes—wakes but to die!  
Red berries gleam on every thorny hedge,  
The leaves that cling upon the aspen still,  
Shiver with cold, until like silver gems,  
They glitter in the sunlight ling'ring long  
Upon the hill top ere it dies away.  
Fair Queen of Season! Thy royal smile  
Is brighter far than all the bursting shouts  
Of laughter thy fair sister Summer brings!  
Thou hast more music in thy sighing winds  
Than summer's thunder sends along the earth.  
And though thy skies at times are dark with storms,  
They hide no blasting lightnings in their breast  
To launch upon the helpless ones of earth!  
We love thy silent tread—stately and grand!  
No mask is on thy face. Honest and plain,  
Though solemn, are the words thy heralds bring.  
Prophetic words! but beautiful and true.  
Words that call us from the busy scenes  
Of active life, to hold communion with

Our spirits, sore and weary of the husks  
We feast our baser passions on.  
Like serried lines of warriors, battled stained,  
Pass in review before their chieftain's eyes—  
Come trooping in upon the quiet mind  
The memories of long ago; the joys we knew,  
The bitter woes we felt. Yet all subdued  
They come. Not like the youth on prancing steed  
With maiden sword high flashing in the air,  
But like the scarred and bearded veteran  
All quietly and soberly they come.  
Telling of scenes we fain would see once more;  
Of banished joy, we long to taste again:—  
Of words once uttered ling'ring still upon  
Our list'ning ear, though hushed the darling voice  
That spoke them years ago. Of sorrows felt—  
Of hard-fought battle fields, where many a hope  
Has died, and many a promise buried lies,  
Or, better still, she tells of coming days,  
The autumn days of life, when shadows glide  
Darker and colder still around our path;  
But when our spirits tamed and sobered down  
By life's experience, touched by the frosts  
Of sorrow and adversity, we learn to tell  
The *real solid gold* from worthless dross,  
When we shall stand beneath the rays  
Of life's declining sun, and we shall see

The true, and good of life, and earth and death,  
Aided by the light that issues from  
The gates of worlds ethereal, they will glow  
Around our pathway beautiful and grand.  
As glowing tints of Autumn pencillings.

## ONE YEAR OLDER.

Another year is added to my life  
 Another year has rolled its crazy round  
 And still amid the world's deep din and strife  
 My tossing bark is found!

Oh! how the silent years glide o'er the waste  
 Of Some men's lives! How short and yet how long!  
 How full of pains and tears the years that haste!  
 How void of joy and song!

I know the cruel hand of Time does lay  
 More heavy on my brow than e'er before;  
 And yet I feel as young and bright to-day  
 As when at boyhood's door!

I chased some phantoms in my checkered days—  
 I found some painted fancies false, though fair!  
 But, still undaunted, I pursued the chase,  
 And found some pleasure there!

I still can bid the ruthless years "come on!"

There is no bitter I have not "enjoyed"

There is no sweet beneath the golden sun

Too much for life's dark void!

OUR LOVED ONES NE'ER  
GROW OLD.

Our loved ones ne'er grow old. Their beaming eyes  
Will never lose their depth of liquid love,  
Seasons may come and go—Summers may wane—  
And winters bring their load of gloom and shade  
To chill the world around us, year by year ;  
The eyes that beam upon our own to-day  
Will still beam on, like beacon stars, to light  
The weary heart upon life's lonely way,  
And brighter grow as evening shades come on.

Our loved ones ne'er grow old. 'Tis not the *face*  
That brings to us the brightest glow of youth,  
It is the heart—the *true, the loving heart*—  
All full of sparkling wells of hope and love,  
Which cast a mystic light through speaking eyes ;  
Hearts old in years, but young in feeling still,  
And strong in love! 'Tis this that still will bring  
The sunlight on the wrinkled face, and paint  
The sunset glow of God's own beauty on  
The furrowed brow.

They never will grow old—the truly tried.  
Pile years on years, till life's a catacomb  
Mounting the hoary centuries; and then  
Press on the buried years the ills of life;  
And though the face should lose its ruddy hue—  
And though the eyes should dimmer grow, and weak—  
The glossy, raven locks grow thin and gray—  
The once round form grow stooping, shrunken, weak—  
Yet, loving them, they still would be the same!

Love never can grow old—if pure and true.  
'Tis part of Him who made us—bade us love;  
'Tis Heaven's Spring-time, and the rosy morn  
Of vast Eternity—immortal youth!  
'Tis Love that sparkles round the Central Throne,  
And sends a thrill of life eternal through  
The mystic worlds where souls immortal live!  
It paints the hills with golden glory here,  
And tunes the songs that swell in chorus sweet  
From cot, and cabin, and the forest aisles!  
It keeps the world from pending ruin now!

True love and truly loved ones ne'er grow old!  
Trembling above the grave, their bended heads  
All covered o'er with silvery frost of years  
That stripped them of their outward beauty, like  
The Winter frosts strip oak and maple of  
Their Autumn garb of crimson, green and gold;



Wrapt in the shadows of dim Deathland, still  
Our loved and loving ones remain the same,  
The same dear form we saw long years ago ;  
The same dark locks flow on the playful wind ;  
The same fair face with laughing eyes and lips ;  
The same sweet silvery tones of laughter greet  
Our ears ; the voice as sweet and soft as when  
It whispered words of love to us in sunny youth ;  
We see and hear them all unchanged, untouched !  
Not as they are, but as they always were—  
For truly loved ones never will grow old.

## A PLAINT.

I cannot write to-night!

'Tis not because no thoughts will come to me  
 Too many crowd my mind, and Memory  
 Unfolds her teeming pages, till I see  
*Too much* both dark and bright!

I cannot write to-night!

My pen would paint a picture fair and sweet—  
 Such as a life-time only one will greet—  
 Such as we pray we evermore may meet—  
 All fragrance, warmth and light!

It will not stay to-night!

Some shadow dark comes ever in the way,  
 And drives the picture from my page away;  
 I bid it tarry, but it will not stay,  
 I cannot, cannot, write!

I cannot write to-night!

My mind is wand'ring from the page, I know,

And flitting 'mid the scenes of "long ago,"  
My thoughts like restless tides, will ebb and flow,  
Or scatter in their flight!

I tried my best to write,  
You must excuse me if I fail to bring  
My usual humble weekly offering—  
My muse is stubborn now and will not sing—  
I cannot, cannot write!

## LIFE'S FANTASIA.

A youth, quite fair to look upon—  
 Some faithful mother's darling son—  
 Passed me one night, with tottering gait,  
 I bade him just one moment wait,  
 And tell me—in life's morning bright—  
 What game upon the trackless night,  
 Lured him from friends and home away;  
 "I'm hunting Pleasure; clear the way!"

We met in manhood's prime again,  
 Esteemed, obeyed by other men,  
 His name had scounded far and wide,  
 A man of wealth, of fame, and pride.  
 He looked around with anxious eye,  
 Scanning intently earth and sky.  
 I hailed him with the inquiry:  
 "What art thou seeking, friend?" Quoth he—  
 With quivering lip and bated breath—  
 "Not much! Not much! I'm hunting Death!"

- We met again, and murmur'ing low,  
While gazing on his wrinkled brow :  
" Surely, the aged man, all grey,  
Now tott'ring slowly on his way,  
Has left his restlessness behind,  
And feels more soberly inclined."  
" Pray tell me, father, old and tried,  
What mission thine at eventide?"  
" I—I am hunting, sir, to-day,  
What years ago I threw away."  
" What, pray, *is that*, art hunting TRUTH?"  
" No, no : I'm hunting after Youth!"

Ha ! Ha ! I cried. What fools are men !  
What once for pleasure thrown away,  
And never will come back again,  
We seek to find when old and grey !  
From childhood's days, to silvery age,  
In some vain hunt we all engage !  
At eventide, all sore and lame,  
We lose for e'er the phantom game !  
And then we learn, when all too late,  
The cruel cheat of "Chance" and "Fate !"

## A BIRTHDAY SONG.

— \* —  
 TO MY SISTER.  
 \*

I am drifting slowly onward  
 To the silent, pulseless sea,  
 Where the tide of Time shall never  
 Wreck a single hope for me.

I am sailing 'mid the shadows,  
 And the evening draws nigh,  
 When the vesper winds shall bring you  
 A brother's last "Good-bye."

When you hear it, as it trembles  
 On the quiet evening air,  
 Thank the Father that his spirit  
 Has been freed from earth and care.

And when he no longer lingers,  
 With a brother's lips to tell  
 How at times his heart was weary  
 Of the world you love so well,—

Let some angel tell you softly  
That he never cared to stay ;  
But to comfort those who loved him  
On life's cold and rugged way !

## YOU AND I.

▪

A BOYHOOD RAMBLE WITH HATTIE E——.

▪

One Summer day, long, long ago,  
 Among the mountains looming high,  
 Whose leaf-crowned heads, by sunlight swept,  
 Appeared to kiss the bending sky,  
 We wandered side by side, along  
 A winding streamlet—you and I.

I never shall forget the day,  
 The sky was clear as ocean's breast,  
 The shadows cool around us lay,  
 All nature seemed to smile and rest,  
 The mountain breeze scarce heaved a sigh,  
 To reach the ears of you and I.

The pearly stream came dancing on,  
 Its wavelets flashing in the sun,



The golden sunlight softly lay  
The flower spangled banks upon ;  
A thousand things to please the eye,  
Were there to charm us, you and I.

We cared not for the fish that sprung  
To catch the hook we gently threw  
Within the little mountain stream,  
And sometimes from the waters drew ;  
We breathed the glorious mountain air,  
And felt untrammelled then and there ;  
The world was ours,—earth and sky  
Seemed made for us—for you and I.

Do you remember, Hattie, dear,  
The rustic bridge within the wood,  
Where many a waving spruce and Pine  
Along the murm'ring waters stood ?  
Stretching their fern-like boughs abroad,  
Shading the narrow mountain road ?  
'Twas there we bade our friends "good bye,"  
And turned up streamlet—you and I.

Just 'round the curve the streamlet made,  
As down upon the bridge it dashed,  
And just above a bed of rocks,  
O'er which the laughing waters flashed,

Some tearing whirlwind, years ago,  
A tree across the stream had thrown,  
Making a seat both high and dry,  
For tired folks like—you and I.

You know how long we sat upon  
That fallen tree, and tried to fool  
The little fish, that nimbly sprung  
From out the waters of the pool.  
You know we did not care a pin  
For any fish that shook a fin!  
But long we sat there—who'll deny  
We meant to fish—both you and I?

Our playmates, whom we left awhile  
To follow down stream at their will,  
Came back again—perhaps to learn  
What made us two so very still.  
They seemed to catch the spirit too,  
For long they stayed, and oft they threw  
Their tangled line, with lifeless fly,  
Where we were fishing—you and I.

At last they left us all alone;  
I felt *a little* sorry then;  
I thought perhaps they would remain,  
And trace with us the shady glen.

But friends will part "sometimes," you know,  
Oft when *we want them most they go*.  
We bade them laughingly "good bye,"  
And sauntered onward—you and I.

You know, dear Hattie, how we tripped  
O'er rocks, and bush, and fallen trees,  
Stopping to fish in every pool,  
Wading the streamlet to our knees,  
Plucking strange grasses on the bank,  
Crushing the weeds so dense and rank,  
Onward still, 'mid the hills so high,  
We turned our faces—you and I.

At last we reached the open wood,  
And sank upon a mossy seat,  
We rested long—the laughing stream  
Still flowing softly at our feet,  
And then I stole a kiss from you,  
Or else you *gave it!* Which is true?  
We both were willing—why deny?  
No one need know—but you and I.

And then we wandered on again—  
Out in the meadows fresh and green,  
With sun-tipp'd hills on every side,  
And shady valleys in between;

Laughing and chatting all the way,  
Wishing the trip might last for aye;  
Climbing a mountain steep and high,  
Still hand in hand, went you and I.

We reached our home; the feath'ry fern  
Hung plume-like from your saucy hat;  
You looked as bright as a Gypsy Queen,—  
And blushing some, I remember that!  
I wish we were children still to-day,  
And o'er the mountains thus could stray;  
I do not think I would heave a sigh,  
If we always strayed there—you and I.

## THE VOICE OF THE RAIN.

The rain drops pattered upon the roof,  
As I sat on a summer night,  
Looking at memory's tangled wool,  
In the dim uncertain light.  
The dripping noise in the street below,  
And the splash on the window pane,  
Reminded me of the "long ago."  
And I was a boy again.

I wandered among the meadow's green,  
And followed the winding brook.  
Or read 'neath the willow's silv'ry sheen,  
Some innocent story book:  
Or piled the moss on the mountain side,  
In pillars of antique shape,  
To mark the spot where perchance had died,  
Some wand'ring "Lenni Lenape."

The rain drops chattered and laughed with glee,  
As they danced on the window sill,

Till drops as large and as pure as they,  
 My dim eyes began to fill.  
 For ah! they spoke as I listened then,  
 In the darkness sad and lone,  
 And they said aloud, again and again,  
 "Those days are forever gone!"

\* \* \* \* \*

I sit again in the twilight gray,  
 And the rain is falling fast,  
 My thoughts are wandering far away,  
 But not to the Sunny Past.  
 I think of the twilight soon to come,  
 Where the pleasures of life shall fade,  
 When the restless heart, grown still and dumb,  
 Shall be laid in the quiet shade.

The pleasures around me still to-day  
 Shall vanish too one by one,  
 And loving friends shall wander away,  
 As other kind friends have done.  
 The song still lingering in my heart,  
 And the sunlight's fitful glow,  
 Shall each in their silent turn depart,  
 Like the pleasures of long ago.

The rain drops patter upon the sill,  
 As I dream of these fading joys,

But here in my chamber dark and still,  
I hear once again its voice,  
"Be still," it murmurs, "be still sad soul,  
Each bitter shall have its sweet,  
Beyond this life is a blessed goal,  
A quiet and calm retreat ;  
The loved ones of earth again shall meet,  
Where the flowers will always bloom,  
There is no sorrow, or loss, or pain,  
Beyond the good man's tomb."

WORDS WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM  
OF A YOUNG LADY.

What shall I write to please each critic's eye  
 That on these rambling lines may chance to rest!  
 Bright cheerful words for some, that wake no sigh?  
 And gloomy thoughts for others! 'Then oh! then,  
 Would that some angel hand might guide my pen!  
 I will not wish thee youth, unchanging, here,  
 Though halcyon days they are to all—I know—  
 Yet each incoming harvest-laden year,  
 Freightied with Love, or Hate, with Joy, or Woe,  
 Draws on its chariot wheels us nearer *home*,  
 Where Life's dull care, and sorrows, *never come!*  
 I will not wish thee wealth, for oh, 'tis fraught  
 With too much danger for the human heart;  
 And then 'tis fickle as an idle thought,  
 I will not wish thee Fame—poor, giddy Fame!  
 A fleeting shadow, living but in name!  
 'Tis like the vapor on a summer day,  
 A single breath will blow it all away!  
 But I will wish thee, lady, all I deem  
 Of earthly value to us here below:—



A loving Friend, whose love is not a *dream* ;  
A healthful life, without a single woe ;  
A happy heart, amid the cares of life ;  
A living Hope of Rest, when life is past ;  
A *holy* life—amid the world's dark strife ;  
The *best of all*—a Home in Heaven at last !

## NETTIE WAYNE.

I knew a little laughing maid,  
With dark and waving curls,  
I used to love when, yet a boy,  
Better than all the girls  
Who flitted with me through the maze,  
Of merry hearted boyhood days.

The winking stars at eventide,  
When first through summer sky  
They softly peeped, were not as soft  
As her dark, dreamy eye ;  
It charmed me many a summer day,  
From home, or youthful game away.

Her cheeks were not a rosy red,  
No dimple in her chin ;  
But lily white her face, and sweet  
Enough *my* heart to win,  
For on its surface spoke a heart,  
That beautified each tender part.

We often met and strolled among  
The fields, around our home ;  
Or sat upon some mossy rock,  
Amid the twilight gloom,  
Within a shady chestnut grove,  
Exchanging words of simple love.

It was a glorious summer day,  
All nature calm and still,  
Save the low song of woodland bird,  
And murmur of the rill  
Which danced and sang, the long, long day,  
Through rocky bed not far away.

Within an arbor, green and cool,  
That day we sat again ;  
My eyes saw naught of beauty there  
Except dear Nettie Wayne ;  
The songs of birds seemed vulgar noise,  
While list'ning to her tender voice.

And then I asked her to be mine,  
To share my lot below,  
And promised, while I lived, to share,  
Her every joy or woe,  
To shield her ever with my life,  
If she would be my darling wife.

Her little head sank on my breast,  
A tear stole down her cheek,  
While looking sweetly in my face,  
Too full of love to speak ;  
Though not a word she could express,  
I know her face and heart said "yes !"

Ah well! 'twas many years ago.  
And now I am old and grey,  
But often as I sit and muse,  
At close of summer day,  
I see the little tearful face  
Look into mine, with tender gaze.

We parted—why I need not tell—  
She is another's wife ;  
And I can only say, that she  
May live a happy life ;  
But oft I feel a thrill of pain,  
While thinking of lost Nettie Wayne!

## THE CHILD AND THE SUNSET.

The sun was sinking in a crimson sea  
 Of light and shadow, and the eventide  
 Was stealing with its forces, silently  
 Along the mountain's eastern side,  
 Veiling the lowlands, softly—dreamily—  
 Stretching in quiet beauty far and wide.

With folded hands, and dreamy looking eyes,  
 Its golden ringlets dancing in the air—  
 A little child was looking far away,  
 Watching the crimson waves, in fancied play  
 Upon the glowing sea in western sky,  
 As if it read some hidden story there.

Its red lips parted, and a sunny smile  
 Broke o'er its pretty face, as, mounting high,  
 The tide of crimson waves swept o'er the hills,  
 And disappearing for a little while,  
 Glided again across the evening sky  
 In sapphire streams, and bright vermilion rills!

The trees were touched with gold and purple hues,  
And on the fields the sunset's crimson glow,  
Fell like the smile of God. Like holy ground  
Where Moses could not tread with dusty shoes,  
The trees and bushes seemed aflame, but lo!  
No parched leaf could anywhere be found.

Still bent with dreaming look, the little face  
Towards the distant west, now all aglow  
With sunset fires, as the changing rays,  
Like angel heralds, seemed to come and go.  
Still fixed his eye, with ever eager look,  
As if he read the pages of some book,  
Or waiting, as he watched the sunset fair,  
To see some face or form he cherished, there.

I ventured near, to learn what mystic charm  
The sunset had for him, so young and fair.  
I reached his side, and gently touched his arm,  
But still he moved not, though he saw me there.  
Long I stood, and watched the little child,  
Gazing with yearning look toward the sky  
Ever and anon he sweetly smiled,  
And then again a tear stood in his eye.

At last he spoke. His voice was strangely sweet,  
As, gazing still upon the distant sky,

He softly said: "oh, sir, I hoped to meet  
My angel mother here. But"—with a sigh—  
"The gate is closed, and all the angels gone,  
Whose golden wings were waving in the air;  
And I am still unhappy and alone,  
While she is waiting for me over there."

"I thought when first I saw the flaming West,  
All full of golden walls, and crimson bars,  
That Heaven's door was there, and that the blest  
Came down below the mighty world of stars,  
And talked with loved ones whom they left below.  
And eve'ning after eve'ning, I would go  
And watch each angel floating in the air,  
Hoping each time to see my mother there."

"But she is never there. I guess she'll wait  
For little Willie at some other gate!  
For there are two, they say, on either side,  
Which every day for us stand open wide.  
But I still come, and watch the angels dear.  
Perhaps some day my mother might come here,  
And it would grieve me many a weary day,  
If she would come, and I would be away."

## WEARY HOURS.

I am weary to day,  
And so lonely.  
There's a silence and sadness around me,  
Whose presence, unwelcome—has bound me  
Until I feel only  
To sadness, and silence a prey.

I am dreaming of loved ones departed  
To realms in the sky,  
Whose voices seem lingering near me,  
In musical cadence to cheer me,  
While sadly I sigh,  
As I think of the Past, weary hearted.

I am thinking of *home*,  
Where the weary  
Shall rest from their labors and sorrows,  
Where no disappointing "to-morrows,"  
Shall make the soul dreary,  
Where sadness, and toil, never come.



Where the friends that have entered Life's portals,  
Shall meet us again ;  
Where sunlight unfading shall quiver,  
Like gold, on its calm " crystal river,"  
Where no songs of pain  
Shall tremble on lips of immortals.

I am restless, and no where can stay.  
Is another  
One thinking of me, as I saunter  
From object, to object, I wonder,  
Some long absent comrade, or brother,  
In spirit around me to-day ?

## A WORD OF CHEER.

INSCRIBED TO THE "RED MEN" OF AMERICA.

Red Men! the "forest" is bright to-day,  
 With the promise of future good;  
 The song of the wild bird sweeter sounds,  
 As it builds its nest in the wood.  
 The shady ailes are ringing with joy,  
 As the "warriors" gather around;  
 And from East and West comes the song of "peace,"  
 With a lusty and hopeful sound!

The "Death song" seldom sounds among  
 The whispering "forest" trees;  
 No blood is staining the mountain streams,  
 Nor tainting the mountain breeze.  
 The "pale-face" lists to the "Red Man's" song,  
 As he hies to his "lodge" unbound,  
 He knows in the "Red Man's Wigwam" now  
 Both "plenty" and "peace" are found!

The "hunting grounds" are but seldom trod  
 By any but "warriors" bold,

And the lithe deer bounds o'er the mossy ground,  
As he did in the days of old,  
The song of the "squaw" sounds soft and sweet,  
As it floats on the fragrant air,  
While the "papoose" sleeps without fear of harm,  
For they know that peace is there.

Red Men! the "moons" will come and go,  
And the "seasons" bloom and wane,  
But the "warriors" now on the bloodless "path,"  
Will never turn back again  
Till the "forest" dear to the "Red Man's" heart,  
No "pale-face" *foe* shall hide,  
When *all* the children of "Manitou,"  
Shall "hunt" there, side by side!

Work on! 'Tis a noble cause, and grand,  
That calls you to work to-day!  
The blessings of God's own widowed ones,  
Your labors shall well repay,  
The tears of the little orphan'd child,  
As it hears your welcome tread,  
Will cease to flow in its "forest" home,  
As it kneels above its dead!

## WANTED TO GIVE AWAY.

Three little wanderers, bright-eyed and fair—  
 Somebody's little pets one time they were!—  
 Waiting to find a home, longing to hear  
 Somebody's gentle voice calling them "dear!"

Three little wanderers, tender in years,  
 Baptised, perhaps, with a dead mother's tears!  
 Breadless and homeless, perhaps—Heaven knows—  
 Their little forms marked with unmerciful blows!

Perhaps the fond mother, who often had press'd  
 The dear little forms to her warm, loving breast,  
 Lies cold in the grave, while their pitying cry  
 To be "given away," echoes up to the sky.

Perhaps a kind father, from morning till night,  
 Once labored to make their home cheerful and bright;  
 Cut down by disease, left them tearfully here,  
 While they laid him to sleep with his comrade so dear!

Fatherless! Motherless! Ah! perhaps worse—  
For fathers and mothers sometimes are a curse!  
Homeless and friendless—Oh! suff'ring untold—  
And one little suff'rer but "nineteen months old!"

No home for the children! no haven to stay!  
Hear them begging the world to be "given away!"  
To be "given away!" —and to whom? can you tell  
What home does await them—a Heaven or Hell?

Kind Heaven! is not, 'neath the blue arching sky,  
One merciful heart or one pitiful eye?  
Must children be thrown on the world hard and cold,  
Like lambs, faintly bleating, cast out from the fold?

God pity the little ones homeless and poor,  
Who thus seek an entrance at charity's door!  
God pity the little ones! Dark is the day  
When our darlings must beg to be "given away!"

How many a fond mother has clasped to her breast  
Her own little darling, the dearest and best,  
As she read the sad story—saddest far of the day—  
"Three little children to be given away!"

## THE FATE-STRICKEN.

▪

Some strange, wierd star methinks, had wondered near,  
 Upon the misty sky, when he was born;  
 Driven by some convulsion from its sphere,  
 Wand'ring the universe—unknown—forn.  
 If he could but roll back, and mould again,  
 The vanished, aimless years, all his own way,  
 He would not shape an hour for his own gain,  
*But would blot out that one unlucky day!*

\* \* \* \* \*

He knows what lies before him—He can see  
 The dark, rough way, his future days  
 Must lead him on—Shadows, cold and dark,  
 Like those that gather 'round the realms of Death,  
 Will flit about him as he onward moves,  
 Headless of warning cries, or loving calls,  
 Straight to the point which marks his Destiny!

He knows what lifeless Life will be to him,  
 Without a sound to charm his heavy ear,  
 Echoless! The silence brooding over all,  
 Bearing on its breast no murn'ring note,  
 Not e'en a flutt'ring sigh. The vast expanse

Of Barrenness and Silence, infinite,

Giving no token which his heart may know !

Fingers gleaming white amid the gloom,

May beckon still, but beckon still in vain !

And eyes like waning stars, may watch his steps,

But watch in vain—like Hope for spirits lost !

Headless of all he treads his path of gloom.

Though, looking backward on the road he came,

Nothing but darkness meets his sullen look—

And gazing out upon the circling path,

That waits his still defiant steps, he sees

No bending arch of hope—by which to tell

That Life's fierce storms are past—still on he goes—

He asks no sympathy—for even that

Is but twin-sister to a feeling false

Oft misnamed Love! If he should choose

He sooner would ask Hate—for that is *true*,

Whatever else it be—it never cheats !

Give then, your smiles—and spare your tears—

For some lone wanderer like he—who still

In fitful moments, clings to earthly joys,

And *hopes* to realize what once *he* dreamed.

He heeds them now no more. Too Late! He knows

What pathway lies before him—he will go,

Asking no love, no hate, no tears, no pray'rs,

Only that his Fate and he, are left alone

Unpitied and uncared !

## MEDORA'S FAREWELL.

“This hour we part—my heart foreboded this ;  
 Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss !”  
 The why, the when—what bodes it now to tell  
 Since all must end in that wild word—“ Farewell ”

THE CORSAIR

Farewell! Farewell!—it comes to this at last  
 I tremble as I murmur now the word,  
 Mid all the echoes of the fitful past,  
 My ear has never heard  
 So sad a sound, on life's sepulchral waste.

'Tis true I dream that it will not be long,  
 That you and I shall meet again, somewhere,  
 When we shall sing together love's sweet song,  
 And all life's sorrow share.

When pure, true love will not be branded wrong,  
 There is a star within my clouded sky,  
 A star of promise shining from afar,  
 And in its glow I read my destiny ;  
 A bright and sacred star,  
 That silvers o'er life's night of misery.



But still 'tis hard to say Farewell to thee;  
It means so little, or so much to-day,  
It may be less to thee, but ah! to me  
'Tis more than I can say,

It leaves me all alone on life's dark sea!  
Yet it must be—and so Farewell! Farewell!  
God bless thee darling one when far away,  
May you be happy still where e'er your dwell  
Living each fleeting day,  
With painless heart, and tearless eye, for aye.

So then, Farewell! dearest of friends, Farewell!  
My heart shall ever beat for thee alone,  
I still will love thee more than tongue can tell,  
Still my fond heart its daily greeting send,  
When thou art really gone,  
God bless thee, darling one—Farewell! Farewell!

## PERHAPS 'TIS BETTER SO.

▪

We see our neighbors crowned with wealth,  
 And clothed with pow'r, and blest with health,  
 While we still bend our weary head,  
 And try to gain "our daily bread;"  
 And Pain his frequent visit pays,  
 To wound our heart, and cloud our face,  
 And oft we murmur as we go,—  
 And yet—*perhaps 'tis better so!*

We sometimes dream of sunny years,  
 All free from pains, and toils, and tears!  
 Of fields all green with fadeless life,  
 Of peaceful realms, unknown to strife;  
 And dreaming feel the chilling breath,  
 That sweeps across the plains of Death!  
 Such dreams *will* ever come and go,  
 Who knows—*perhaps 'tis better so!*

We oft are weary, and our soul  
 Is longing for some quiet goal,

Where cares, and burdens cease to press,  
And ends life's pain and weariness;  
And as we see our neighbors wend  
Their homeward way—their labors end—  
We sometimes wish we too might go,  
Be still—*perhaps 'tis better so!*

Just wait to see the eventide,  
Perhaps its drifting shadows hide  
Some fruit well worth the plucking yet,—  
Some labor-polished coronet.  
If not, still Heav'n is bright and fair,  
Some starry crown may wait you there,  
Brighter than crowns they give below,—  
Toil on—*perhaps 'tis better so!*

LINES TO MY NIECE EMMA, ON  
HER 17TH BIRTHDAY.

But we are growing old—  
Oh dear! Oh dear! how Time does flit away  
With youth and years, and leaves us old and grey!  
It seems you scarce this world have fairly seen  
And yet, good gracious! you are “Seventeen!”

Just stop and think.  
How many snows have mantled this old earth,  
And fled from summer sunshine, since your birth?  
How many “fibs” you told—how naughty you have  
been,  
Before you reached the age of Seventeen!

Look at your curls.  
Perhaps some silver threads are creeping now  
Among the locks that deck your knitted brow!  
A few more years, an old, and feeble maid  
You’ll wish your “Seventeen” had been delayed!

’Tis time you look  
Among the “hero’s” of the present day,

For some bold "Don" to spirit you away!  
A few more years and you, grown grey and old,  
Will sit within the market place, unsold!

Take uncle Frank's advice.  
Look pleasant—smiling every blessed day—  
To keep the wrinkles yet awhile away.  
For they will but too soon be felt, and seen,  
When once a lass has reached her "Seventeen!"

Yet let me say,  
That uncle Frank does wish you many a day  
Of pleasure sweet—ere yet your head turns grey.  
And that no trouble you have felt or seen,  
When you shall hail your second "Seventeen."

## SUMMER IS COMING.

Summer is coming!

The trees on the mountains will soon dress in green,  
 And the birds sing as sweet as in days that are gone;  
 While the waters will flash with a silvery sheen,  
 As their fluttering wavelets are touched by the sun.

Summer is coming!

The fish that lay dormant for months in the rills,  
 Or sought at a distance more genial home;  
 Will leap in the streamlets among the green hills,  
 And playfully look for us anglers to come!

Summer is coming!

The green Pines are moaning and waving their arms,  
 Inviting old friends to their shady retreats;  
 And the sunlight is adding its own golden charms,  
 To the fern-dotted coves, with their moss-covered seats!

Summer is coming!

But ah! will the footsteps that echoed among

The mountains, so often come back there again?  
The hills may re-echo with many a song,  
But the *echoes* will *listen* for *ours*, in vain!

Summer is coming!

But dead on the hills lies the beautiful Past,  
Like the storm-river Pine in the echoless wood!  
Though we know that the pleasures of life cannot last,  
We would die to recall some, if only we could!

FADED FLOWERS.

Nettie, the flowers so pretty, you sent me,  
                     A few weeks ago;  
 Coming just then as if angels had lent me  
                     A respite from woe.—  
 Are faded now—faded as fade all the flowers  
 Of promise, and hope, in this short life of ours!

Nettie, I wonder if friendship should perish,  
                     Thus easy and fast;  
 If feelings *we* covet and friendships *we* cherish  
                     No longer should last?  
 Can yours like the flowers you sent me decay?  
 “*Your friendship* be only the whim of a day?”



LOVE ME ALWAYS, DARLING  
MINNIE.

•

Love me always, darling Minnie,  
Love me still when far away,  
For where e'er my bark may bear me,  
I shall love thee every day.

Thou hast often felt my bosom  
Throb beneath thy curly head,  
And hast promised then to love me,  
Even after I am dead.

I would never dare to ask thee,  
Any such a pledge to give,  
But *do* love me, darling Minnie,  
Love me always, while I live.

Voices, soft as wooing angels,  
Oft may tempt thee to deceive,  
Lend a listless ear my darling,  
Love me always while I live.

I have never loved another,  
With a love as deep as this,  
Thou art all I care to cherish,  
All the earth has left of bliss.

Love me always, darling Minnie,  
All my life to thee I give.  
In return I ask thee only—  
Love me always while I live!

## A MOTHER'S VIGILS.

In a neat but humble cottage  
On a sunny hillside nestling,  
Where the autumn leaves lay rustling  
    On the frost-enameled, ground.  
Sat a lonely mother weeping,  
While the twilight gray was creeping  
Over silent hill and valley,  
    Casting shadows all around.

Many an hour, lone and dreary,  
Sat that mother, pale and weary,  
In that quiet little cottage,  
    While the twilight, cold and gray,  
Stole through drooping vine and window,  
Telling plain of coming winter,  
While her thoughts in sadness wandered  
    To a loved one far away.

Now a year—borne down Life's river  
To the ocean of Forever—

Since her boy had parted from her  
 Had already passed away ;  
 Yet he came not as she waited,  
 While each coming twilight faded ;  
 Though she murmured, " On the morrow !  
 I must wait another day."

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou canst wait, O, gentle mother,  
 All this night and many another  
 Ere the footsteps of thy loved one  
 Sound upon thy eager ear ;  
 For the sound of dying mortals  
 Echoes through the gloomy portals  
 Where grim Death his banquet holdeth ;  
 And his voice is echoed there.

Out upon the field of battle,  
 'Mid the deep incessant rattle  
 Of the fierce contested struggle,  
 In the hottest of the fray,  
 Where the thunders loud are roaring,  
 And the bullets thickly pouring,  
 Where the Stars and Stripes are soaring,  
 Bleeds thy absent one to-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Midnight in her glory marshals  
 Round her throne her starry legions ;

See the stripes of waving crimson  
Blushing on her azure shield!  
'Tis her banner, star-bespangled,  
With its bars of burning crimson,  
Flung above the dead and mangled  
On earth's gory battle-field.

Midnight queen, no warring legions  
Steep with blood thy starry regions!  
Still as death thy myriad kingdoms  
Dwell in peace above the earth,  
Pure as when the sons of morning  
On thy battlements were swarming,  
Singing praises to Jehovah  
Ere creation had its birth.

Out along the silent river,  
Where Potomac's waters quiver  
In the dim uncertain twilight  
Twinkling on the virgin snow,  
See a band of soldiers wending,  
'Neath some lifeless burden bending,  
Slowly, sadly onward marching  
Where the murm'ring waters flow.

Not a sound, though e'er so fleeting,  
Save the muffled drums low beating.

Or the slow and measured tramping  
Of the solemn band is heard,  
As they march in silent sorrow,  
Thinking sadly of the morrow,  
When, perchance, some other comrade,  
Will be solemnly interred.

Long the silence was unbroken;  
Not a whispered word was spoken  
Till they halted, sad and weary,  
By a rudely-finished grave;  
Then, with bended heads uncovered,  
As their comrade's form they lowered,  
Each a fervent prayer muttered  
For the loved and sleeping brave.

Now the widow's son is sleeping  
Where Potomac's waters murmur  
While she still her vigils keeping  
By the cottage on the hill—  
Hoping, praying for the morrow,  
Which will bring her naught but sorrow;  
For the boy she waits to welcome  
Now in death lies cold and still.

## THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

Clothed in her crimson and gold,  
Treading the emerald fields,  
Laden with riches untold,  
Autumn her scepter now wields.

Season of shadows and tears,  
Plenty may follow thy track,  
But say, when thy wealth disappears,  
Will Winter and ruin stay back?

We love thy bright features. Oh, Queen,  
Thy vestments of purple and gold,  
Thy mantle of amber and green,  
The sunlight that glows in each fold.

We love thy soft murmuring breeze  
That wanders through forest and grove,  
And sings, 'mid the bright crimson trees,  
Its sweetest and last lay of love.

But say, when thy bright blushing face  
Shall turn from the scenes now so dear,  
Will darkness and gloom take their place,  
When purple and gold disappear?

Thou art welcome to forest and plain,  
To clip and to paint them for aye ;  
But when thou hast ended thy reign,  
Wilt leave them to wither and die?

There's a shadow around our way  
That summer brought not in her train ;  
There are sounds in the forest to-day  
That whisper of sadness and pain.

There's a lull in the music of birds—  
The sweet lips of summer are sealed,  
And a stillness too painful for words  
Has settled on forest and field.

If this is thy mission, Oh, Queen,  
To steel our music away,  
To paint our forests so green,  
With crimson and gold for a day ;

To show us thy beauty so grand,  
To win us with one soft caress.



Then stretch forth thy merciless hand  
And rob us of all we possess;—

If this is thy mission, fair Queen,  
Wrap round thee at once, we implore,  
Thy mantle of purple and green,  
And leave us, to come back no more!

## WHO IS THY FRIEND ?

A man who shares' the single spar,  
When Fortunes's ship strands on the bar;  
Who grasps the trembling hand *to save*,  
When foes indignant round you rave;  
Who ready stands to rescue thee,  
When tossing hopeless on life's sea;  
Who sighs when malice shakes its tongue,  
And lying lips their tales prolong;  
A man by many sorrows tried,  
Who stands unshaken by your side,  
Whatever fortune may betide;  
Who counts his friendship not by hours,  
Or flees when darkness round thee lowers;  
Who, like the oak by lightning riven,  
Still holds its shattered head to heaven,  
Or, bending to the howling blast—  
Its branches still like arms outspread,  
Prepared to shield some wanderer's head,  
Who out into the storm is cast ;

So should *true friendship* breast the storm,  
When foes and sorrows round you swarm;  
Unfalt'ring still, unflinching stand,  
Prepared to lend a helping hand.

## BOYS, DON'T LET THAT FLAG GO DOWN!

■

— ■ —

A Federal soldier while lying mortally wounded on the battle-field, raised his head as his comrades passed by, with their colors flying and exclaimed with his dying breath: "BOYS DON'T LET THAT FLAG GO DOWN!"

— ■ —

- "Don't let that flag go down,"—living, or dead,  
 May it still proudly float—over my head,  
 While its Star Spangled folds flutter on high,  
 Wounded, in its defence, gladly I die.
- "Don't let that flag go down" when I AM DEAD—  
 'Neath the broad starry folds—loved ones have bled,  
 Loved ones strike for it now—God speed each blow,  
 Home to the traitor hearts who wish it low.
- "Don't let that flag go down"—soft spirit eyes,  
 Gaze on it fondly, from yonder blue skies—  
 Eyes that had seen it ere death them had sealed—  
 On Concord or Lexington's blood covered field.
- "Don't let that flag go down"—strike till your blows  
 Fall like a thunder-bolt, on your mad foes!

Strike! comrades strike! till the wide world around,  
Crashing, and quivering, your blows shall resound.

Strike, till the forests shall echo the blow!  
Strike, though the fields with warm crimson shall  
    flow,  
Strike 'till the smoke of the battle shall hide  
Mountains, and valleys, and streams from your sight—

Strike, while a warrior remains on the field.  
Strike while a Northman his weapon can wield,  
Strike till the last of your brave band shall lie,  
Silent, and cold, 'neath the blue arching sky.  
Strike though you gain neither wealth or renown,  
But "DON'T, COMRADES, DON'T LET THAT OLD FLAG  
    GO DOWN!"

While midnight can boast of a single bright star,  
And the red tint of morning breaks in from afar,  
While high over head bends the clear azure sky,  
May the Star Spangled Banner still flutter on high.

## ON TO THE CONFLICT.

On to the conflict! nor fear nor delay,  
 When our foemen shall meet you in battle array;  
 But strike for your freedom, though millions assail,  
 And the balls of the traitors shall meet you like hail;  
 The same God of Battles will be with you still,  
 Who fought with your fathers at old Bunker Hill.

Down on the traitors! aye, hasten the day  
 When our warriors shall meet them in battle array;  
 When the shouts of the victors shall ring on the air,  
 And the Stars and the Stripes shall wave over them  
     there.

When the loud-booming cannon shall tell to the world,  
 In volumes of thunder from battle-clouds hurled,  
 That the hearts and the nerves of the Northmen are  
     true,  
 When they strike for their rights 'gainst a traitorous  
     crew.

On to the conflict! 'though thick on the plain  
 Flows the blood of your comrades, for liberty slain;

Push on, where the conflict the fiercest shall rage,  
And write with your swords on the future's dark page,  
The name of each warrior who gallantly died,  
With his sword in his hand—a dead foe by his side.

On to the conflict! nor turn from the field,  
While a warrior has power his weapon to wield;  
But strike till the banner that floats o'er your band,  
Shall wave in proud triumph all over this land,  
Or be tattered and torn with no shred left to tell  
Where Anarchy triumphed and Liberty fell!

On to the conflict! the eyes of the world  
Are turned to your banner so proudly unfurl'd—  
When the thick smoke of battle that darkens the air  
Shall rise from the field, may it still flutter there,  
With proud triumph written on each streaming bar,  
And victory beaming from each glit'ring star.

## AUTUMN WINDS.

Autumn winds are round us blowing—autumn scenes  
around us glide;

Autumn tints around us glowing—glowing redly  
far and wide:

Falling leaves and drooping flowers greet the eye  
on every side.

Hushed the ringing sounds of gladness summer  
ever brings along,

Mixed with all a tone of sadness, stealing Nature's  
scenes among.

While less sweetly comes the murmur of the streamlet  
through the grove.

And less warmly steals the sunshine through the  
hazy sky above.

Forest oak and tow'ring maple, stripped of all their  
verdure stand.

Dark and shiv'ring on the mountain, touched by  
autumn's ruthless hand;



Chilling breath and footsteps icy mark his course  
o'er hill and dale,

Desolation, like a spectre, follows swiftly on his trail.

Should a lonely rose still linger in some sunny nook  
to-day,

Autumn's devastating finger soon will steal it, too,  
away ;

Birds and insects hush their music as the wint'ry  
days draw nigh,

Spread their fleecy pinions quickly and to warmer  
regions fly.

Sad the dirge the winds are singing as they swiftly  
onward rush,

In their speed, around us flinging wither'd leaves,  
from tree and bush,

This is life, a fleeting summer, passing, 'oh! so fast  
away,

Gone, when most we learn to love it—gone, to come  
no more for aye,

Death the bloom of youth is robbing; manhood's  
vigor will not stay ;

Like the autumn's leaves, we're dropping, one by  
one, from earth away !

## FAIRY LILY.

In a green and shady valley, where the crystal waters  
flow,  
And the drooping willows quaintly on the waves  
their shadows throw,  
Lived a little fairy maiden, bright and blooming as  
the rose,  
Which, through all the summer hours, 'neath her  
chamber window grows.

She was ever gay and happy, for her heart was light  
and free,  
As the bird that warbled sweetly on her own pet  
linden tree.  
And around that little cottage, round the home she  
loved so well.  
Through the youthful days of Lily not a shade of  
sorrow fell.

All within the pleasant valley, all around the  
mountain side,

Vied in loving fairy Lily, with the ringlets black as  
night,

And the eyes that ever sparkled as the stars, with  
loving light.

All predicted that her future could not fail to be as  
fair

As the flow'rs that sweetly blossom'd 'mid her curly,  
raven hair,

'Mid the ringlets gently dancing in the balmy summer  
air.

There was *one*, above all others, who adored that  
little maid,

Whose proud heart beat for *her only*, with a love  
that ne'er could fade,

And *he* asked to share her future but she gently  
bade him "*wait*."

\* \* \* \* \*

In that green and shady valley, where the crystal  
waters flow,

And the bending willows quaintly o'er the waves  
their shadows throw,

Sleeps a fairy little maiden, on a clay couch cold  
and low.

And at silent ev'ning, ever, as the twinkling stars  
appear.

Comes a youthful mourner sadly, on that grave to  
drop a tear,

For the black-eyed fairy Lilly, whom in life he held  
so dear.

And within the lonely cottage, and within the  
cooling shade

Of lost Lily's own pet linden, where her lonely  
grave was made,

He forever hears her murmur in her sweetest  
accents, "*wail.*"

And he waits with hopeful feelings, for the time  
to come when *he*

Shall sleep within the valley, 'neath the shady  
linden tree,

And his soul shall meet the lost one in a blest  
eternity.

## THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO REV. J. T——.

Another year has flown—Methinks I hear  
 The echo of its parting sigh still swell  
 In low and mournful cadence round me here,  
 As of the world it takes its laast farewell,  
 And like a spectre, steals all silently  
 On to the spirit-world—Eternity.

When erst its icy footprints round us lay,  
 As striding o'er Time's highway silently,  
 Its giant steps upon the beaten way  
 Crushed some fair bud of promise, you and I  
 Turned, with a deep-drawn sigh of pain, away  
 And prayed to see the new year gone for aye.

And now, 'tis gone, and Time's swift-gliding stream,  
 Bore many a shattered hope upon its breast  
 Of thine and mine; and many a dream  
 Of bliss has vanished like a sunset beam.

So let it be, since life to all, at best,  
Is but a season of supreme unrest.

Years follow years, in their unceasing flight,  
And each one leaves its special mark behind  
To tell its rapid course—some dark, some bright—  
To you and me they never seem too kind:  
Each passing year, as swiftly it departs,  
Leaves some vague shadow on our trusting hearts.

Thus pass our years away. Life's golden youth  
Is but a single step from silvery age:  
Life's pleasant spring can scarce our senses soothe  
Ere winter's chilling storms around us rage,  
From infancy's first feeble wail far on  
To tottering age how soon our years have flown.

Thus glides Life's stream apace—years follow years,  
Like rivers rushing to the mighty sea,  
They swiftly roll along and disappear  
To swell the ocean of Eternity,  
Till ages past but serve to swell the sum  
Of future ages, still for us to come.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yet each swift-fleeting year teach thee and me  
To live as if, perchance, it were our last.

And bear in Christian meekness, patiently,

Each burden Time may on our shoulders cast.

For know, when days and years shall be no more,

There's rest for weary wanderers in store.

## THE GATHERING STORM.

The war-cloud lowers now,—  
 The shout of Battle rents the summer sky,  
 And patriot sons renew the cry,  
 Of "God and Liberty!"

The days of rest are o'er—  
 The Sabbath stillness broken once again,  
 And dark storm clouds enwrap the battle plain;  
 The cannon's thunder rolls the hills along,  
 And answers back the warrior's battle song;  
 While scarred and serried columns proudly tread,  
 Along the barren fields where sleep the dead,  
 Who fell beneath the fiendish traitor's blow,  
 As face to face they fought, a year ago.

Once more the welkin rings,  
 With cheer on cheer,—and war's alarms,  
 Are heard in bugle blast, and clash of arms,  
 While on the breeze a thousand banners wave,  
 To lead our hosts to "Victory or the grave."



God bless our armies now!

Lead them to VICTORY ere summer wanes,  
Break down the traitor walls, unclasp the chains  
That hold the captive bound—and haste the day,  
When Treason *vanquished* in its grave shall lay,  
To rise no more for aye!

God bless the noble men,  
Who breast the bloody tide of war, to save  
The priceless boon our patriot fathers gave  
Their loyal sons—THE UNION—unimpaired!  
Proud may their banners float, swift may their blows  
descend,  
Till Treason totters from its bloody throne  
And grim Rebellion shall forever end!

## THE FRIENDS OF MY YOUTH.

Friends of my youth, whose forms methinks I see  
 Once more to flit o'er old familiar scenes,  
 Around the home, in boyhood dear to me;  
 And haunting oft my manhood's waking dream.  
 Where are ye now, friends of my boyhood days,  
 When threescore years have ran their fleeting race.

Friends of my youth, whose voices seem to float  
 Through the dim vista of departed years,  
 In soft, and sadd'ning echoes, like the note  
 Of some Eolian harp upon my ears,  
 Where are ye now, friends of my youthful years,  
 Who shared alike my joys, my hopes, my tears?

Upon the balmy zephyrs as they pass,  
 Soft spirit voices seem to whisper low :  
 "The loved companions of thy youth, alas!  
 Now sleep the sleep no waking more shall know,"  
 Yes, one by one, that much loved little band,  
 Have wandered far within the spirit land.

Some sleep where ocean waves in restless mood,  
Forever dash upon the rocky shore,  
And moaning winds above the heaving flood,  
Sing mournful dirges for them ever more;  
Some went beneath the sea's blue waves to rest,  
Rocked gently by Atlantic's throbbing breast.

One whom I knew and loved, when yet he sate  
A prattling boy upon his mother's knee,  
Or by her side he knelt, and sweetly said  
A simple prayer, not yet forgot by me,  
While little, tender hands, at her request,  
Were folded sweetly on his little breast.

He left his home, a noble, handsome youth,  
To seek his fortune in a foreign land,  
And oft I tried his mother's grief to soothe  
For him—the pet of all the household band.  
He came no more; for strangers laid him low,  
Where flow the waters of the song-famed Po.

Some rest upon a cool and shady spot,  
Just where the Alps in lordly grandeur rise;  
And others sleep beneath the grassy sod,  
Of fair Italia's golden-tinted skies—  
On Poland's forest-lined and rugged plain—  
Or 'mid the fragrant groves of sunny Spain.

But all are gone—each old familiar spot—

The fields, the rocks, the streams, the grassy lawn—  
Where oft we played before our humble cot,

All, tell in silent language—they are gone!  
Time's stream has borne upon its restless waves,  
Those loved companions to their silent graves.

## A DIRGE.

•

LINES ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

•

Hark! the funeral bells,

Toll! toll! toll!

Each trembling tone proclaims the tragic end  
Of proud Columbia's truest, noblest friend;  
A nation mourns her murdered chieftain! Hear!  
How mournfully now sound upon the ear

Those solemn bells—

Toll! toll! toll!

Hear the funeral bells—

Toll! toll! toll!

Poor old man! On Pisgah's towering heights he  
stood,

And, like the Chief of Israel, he viewed  
The promised land of Peace, with joyful heart,  
When he was called from all these scenes to part;

And now in Death's embrace he calmly sleeps,  
 While o'er his bier a stricken nation weeps,  
     And funeral bells  
     Toll! toll! toll!

Hear the funeral bells—  
 Toll! toll! toll!

Not on the tented field 'mid war's array,  
 Not 'mid the clash of arms he passed away;  
 No warrior's sword drew from his noble breast  
 The truest blood the nation e'er possessed—  
 A TRAITOR'S hand has struck the fatal blow  
 Which turned our songs of joy to sounds of woe,  
     While funeral bells,  
     Toll! toll! toll!

Hear the funeral bells—  
 Toll! toll! toll!

A mighty nation weeps! From Sea to Sea  
 One dirge of sorrow rolls. Joys minstrelsy  
 Is hushed, and silent harps hang on the willow trees,  
 Like Israel's of old,—while Heaven appears  
 To shed, from clouds of sorrow, floods of tears,  
     And funeral bells  
     Toll! toll! toll!

The mournful bells  
 Toll! toll! toll!

But hark! amid the clang of funeral bells  
Another sound is heard, which louder swells,  
Till from the nation's heart 'tis echoed back,  
From ev'ry valley green and mountain crag,  
And rolls like stifled thunder o'er the land!  
It is the Patriots' Vow—a countless band—  
Amid the toll! toll! toll!

With flashing eye, and high uplifted arm,  
Swear by the murdered LINCOLN'S shrouded form!  
That MERCY, thus requited, now *shall end!*  
And *every Traitor die a TRAITOR'S DEATH!*  
Though all the world should call the traitor—friend!  
While no funeral bells  
Shall toll! toll! toll!

## THE CAMP IN THE WOODS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO E. B.—, ESQ.

No spot in the world—on the land or the sea—  
 No city though blazing with gold—  
 Has charms half as pleasant or lasting to me,  
 As the camp in the green shady wold!  
 The camp on the banks of the clear "Silver Lake,"  
 'Neath the towering old trees,  
 Where the voice of friends that never shall wake,  
 Come floating on every breeze,  
 I love it! I love it!—the camp in the woods—  
 Each tree on the emerald shore  
 Has a voice which speaks softly of pleasures I knew  
 In the days which shall come back no more.

The lake like a picture of silver, encased  
 In a net-work of emerald and gold,  
 And the moss-covered rocks on whose surface is traced  
 A Century's records in mould;



The music of angels seems hov'ring around ;  
    So soft are the voices you hear,  
They lull you to slumbers, so soothing the sound  
    That falls on your listening ear,  
Each green hill and field is a volume replete  
    With pictures I love to behold—  
Each sun-ray that gleams on this silent retreat  
    Is a magical letter of gold.

What stories of sorrows and pleasures untold  
    These shadowy volumes do tell !  
What long-hidden secrets of life they unfold,  
    As we read in the green shady dell !  
I love it! I love it!—the camp in the woods,—  
    Where sorrows and cares have all fled,  
Where birds sing their carols from morning to night,  
    On the green waving boughs overhead,  
The white gleaming tent on the shore of the lake  
    Is a Palace of Beauty to me—  
And the ivy-wreath'd rocks that lie sleeping around  
    Seem as old as the piles of Dundee.

## THEY ARE PASSING AWAY.

Little busy feet are bounding o'er the rugged path of  
 life,  
 Childish voices sweetly sounding 'mid the notes of  
 worldly strife;  
 Little curly heads are nodding gayly, as they pass us  
 by,  
 Smiling sweetly, as they wander onward to Eternity.

Youthful forms are flitting dayly o'er life's highway  
 to the tomb,  
 While their hearts are beating gayly, and their cheeks  
 are ripe with bloom,  
 They are passing swiftly deathward, never dreaming  
 of decay;  
 In the morn of life's bright Summer, they are passing  
 fast away.

Trembling footsteps echo faintly on life's labyrinthian  
 way  
 While the shades of even quaintly 'round their winding  
 pathway play.

Aged pilgrims, weak and weary, pass us sad and lonely by,

From this world, so cold and dreary, to their home beyond the sky.

Onward pass the famed and lowly, rich and poor—a motly throng—

While some totter onward slowly, others swiftly bound along.

Festal robes are some adoring, wreaths of joy their heads surround,

Others wear the garb of mourning, and their brows are sorrow-crowned.

Here they come, their footsteps ringing on the beaten path of life :

Here they pass ;—the winds are singing dirges as they onward strive.

See ! their shadows, for a moment, on the hardened pathway play :

Then, like spirits, sad and stilly, swiftly pass from earth away !

## PARTINGS.

Earth has no lasting bliss—  
 The sun may rise in splendor in the morn,  
 At eventide the sky by storms be torn,  
 And darkness robe the scene  
 The sun had hailed with face serene,  
 And many a golden kiss.

Friends we meet and love,  
 May sweetly mingle with us for a day,  
 And cheer our souls upon life's lonely way,  
 Till heart is linked to heart—  
 When lo! we're called upon to part,  
 And sad adieus are said, perchance for aye,  
 Or till we meet above.

Forms that once have been,  
 And faces bright which met us in the past,  
 Are missing now—where'er our eyes we cast,  
 We see a vacant place,  
 And miss a bright familiar face,  
 We oft before have seen.

## ST. ANTHONY'S NOSE.

## A LEGEND OF THE DELAWARE.

There are but few cities, or towns, in the State of Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, surrounded by more romantic, or beautiful, natural scenery than that of Easton. North of the place,—commencing within the limits of the town—a high hill—or mountain—winds along, for a distance of several miles, covered with maple and cedar trees. Along the base of the mountain, winds a road, leading to the interior of the country; and at the foot of the steep bank, on which this road winds—at places fifty feet below the bed of the road—flows the beautiful Delaware river wending its way slowly to the bay beyond. A corresponding range of hills bounds the opposite shore, in New Jersey. The two mountains, blending their shadows at times, lay the bright river in a bed of dreamy delightful shade, which on a warm summer day makes the walk, or ride along this road, one of the most delightful in the country.

This region was many years ago the home of the brave Delaware, or Lenni Lenape tribe of Indians; and the sandy shore along the northern part of the town, contains the graves of many a Red man, whose feet once proudly trod these hills. About a mile above the town on the northern bank of the road—a massive rock, rises perpendicularly to the height of several hundred feet, its summit, shaft-like, and broken, surrounded by a projecting cap—bearing a strong resemblance to the human nose,—and on this account known by the people as “St. Anthony’s Nose.” It stands perhaps a hundred yards from the road—half way up the mountain side—and in a little gap or gorge—bounded on all sides but that facing the river, with broken rocks, and stunted trees. The exact origin of its name is not generally known; and the writer has gathered together such facts as he was able to obtain, concerning the history of the spot, and woven them into the rude Legend bearing its name.

THE AUTHOR.

Have you not stood, some Summer night,  
 Along the winding Delaware,  
 Where, in the moonlight clear and bright,  
 The column dubbed “St. Anthony’s Nose”  
 Its shadow on the river throws,

And wondered how and whence it came ;  
And how it ever got its name ?

I cannot tell what awful throes  
Of angry Nature raised that heap  
Of rock we call " St. Anthony's Nose : "—  
Whether some fierce volcanic shock,  
In ages past, had rent the earth,  
Making the wide plain heave and rock,  
While giving to these mountains birth,  
And tearing from its granite deep,  
To leave, where, in confusion, thrown,  
This column standing bleak and lone :—

Or if the mass of waters, caged  
Behind the mountains of the North,  
Became uneasy or enraged,  
And broke with mighty volume forth,  
Tearing the rock-bound hills away,  
Piling the massive rocks on high,  
Leaving this boulder on the way,  
Rearing its crest toward the sky—  
I will not now attempt to say.

But I have learned a thing or two,  
Which you perhaps have never known :  
For while I lay one Summer day,

But half awake and half asleep,  
 Watching the birds that winged their way  
 So proudly through the upper deep—  
 The sky's ethereal sea of blue—  
 Just where the shaft its shadow threw,  
 A pretty little fairy came  
 And whispered to the flowers there—  
 So loud I could not fail to hear—  
 The secret of its mystic name!

\* \* \* \* \*

About two hundred years ago,  
 Upon a sultry afternoon—  
 I cannot swear to dates, you know—  
 Or that the fairy *named* the day,  
 I am not now prepared to say ;  
 But think it was some time in June:—  
 A family of emigrants  
 Came wending round the rugged hill,  
 Where still that towering boulder stands,  
 Their wagon rude, by oxen drawn,  
 Came jostling o'er the logs and stone,  
 Demanding all their care and skill—  
 For wagon-roads where then unknown,  
 And wagons often overthrown!

The party numbered twelve in all—  
 The father, mother, and five sons—

Five sturdy fellows, stout and tall;—  
Two daughters, full-grown Amazons—  
But fair and fearless *women*, still,  
With loving hearts and noble will—  
*True women*, such as God had made,  
Ere Fashion took away the trade!—  
And children three, whose prattling tongues  
Were lisping little mountain songs.

Both men and cattle seemed to feel  
Oppress'd and weary, as they trudged,  
With halting step and weary limb,  
Around the rock-encircled hill,  
Whose leafy crest was scarcely touched  
By passing breeze, so hot and still  
Had been that early Summer day;—  
Even the fish had ceased to swim,  
And in the river panting lay!

E'er since the golden light of day  
Had chased the shades of night away;  
These emigrants were on the road—  
Winding the forest trees among,  
Where only Indian feet had trod;  
Or circling with the winding stream,  
Which wandered, like a troubled dream,  
Among the hills which frowning stood,  
Like sentinels in angry mood;

\*



Or 'neath the jutting rocks that hung  
Like storm-clouds on the mountain side,  
Whose silent shadows far and wide  
Upon the gliding stream were flung—  
Till hungry, faint, by heart oppressed,  
They gladly sought a place of rest.

Reader, two hundred years ago,  
The verdant hills around our home,  
Where now the golden harvests grow,  
And laughing children safely roam,  
Were dreary wilds, where beasts of prey  
And savage men beset the way,  
And safely-sheltered camping-ground  
Could not at any place be found.—  
A blazing camp-fire, cloud of smoke,  
Or hungry hunter's ringing shot,  
Would oft a battle-cry invoke,  
And bring the Indians to the spot!

Now up and down the mountain side  
His eagle eye the father turns;—  
Up where the cooling shadows hide  
Among the rocks and feathery ferns;  
Down where the silv'ry waters glide,  
Where sunset's fire, clear and bright,  
On every dancing wavelet burns:

But fern-clad rocks and river shore  
Suit not the wary traveler.

At last his wandering eye was led  
Where, towering 'mid the sighing pines,  
That massive boulder reared its head,  
Upon whose shaft-like, jagged crest,  
The sun in golden splendor shines  
Before it leaves the crimson West.  
Like some rude monument of old,  
Reared by unknown, mysterious hands,  
Massive in outline, grand and bold,  
Among the forest trees it stands:—  
Pointing its sun-stained head on high—  
To-day a taunting mystery,  
As dark as when a savage foe  
Stood wondering at its rugged base,  
With mystery stamped upon his face,  
At least two hundred years ago!

And yet 'tis changed, as hand of man  
Has changed each object that we scan!  
'Tis true, the shaft is still the same  
As when the sunset's golden glow,  
In fitful wavelets, went and came,  
And kissed the rock without a name,  
Each day two hundred years ago!

'Tis true, the same old rocks are found  
All o'er the hill—above, below—  
Just as they clustered all around  
That hill two hundred years ago!  
All stained with moss, and grey with age—  
Their storm-brushed sides a mouldy page,  
On which Old Time his records made,  
Within the silence and the shade,

And yet the spot is changed indeed—  
All bare and bleak it stands to-day ;  
*Then* 'round its base a massive wall  
Of hoary rocks imbedded lay,  
While dark and dense around them all  
The forest trees a curtain wove  
Around a dreamy mountain cove,  
Within whose leafy walls 'twas safe  
The cunning savage foe to brave,

The oldest son, a fearless man,  
Full six feet high and stoutly made,  
Stood by the tired oxen's side,  
Patting their foam-encrusted side,  
Seeming his father's face to scan,  
As if his thoughts he wished to read.

A faithful, trusty son was he,  
Perhaps of all the family—

And all were counted good and true—  
The brightest, smartest “Anthony ;”—  
As cautious as the mountain bird,  
When danger lurked upon the way,  
And bold to meet the danger when  
It could no more be turned away—  
Who often, when to anger stirred,  
Had braved old Bruin in his den.

And yet, with all his daring deeds,  
He never did a cruel act.  
Though knowing naught of greedy creeds,  
He was a moral man—in fact,  
Among both enemy and friend  
Was known as “Anthony the Saint.”  
He never swore as many do,  
Who bear the name of “Christian,” too!  
His prayer—“Hallowed be thy name,”—  
Was *meant* when from his *heart* it came.  
He would not tell a lie for gain,  
As thousands do in our day—  
Nor cause unnecessary pain  
To man or beast in any way.

No polished Christian, I admit,  
Was Anthony, my hero “saint ;”  
Not full of modern, soapy “wit,”  
Nor daubed with first-class dye or paint.

His coat was not a perfect fit—  
No varnish such as fashion gives  
To him whose life is full of taint,  
Who in a round of pleasure lives—  
Was rubbed upon our common saint.  
No fashionable Saint, my dear,  
Like he who, six days in the week,  
Serves the Old Scratch without a fear,  
And Sunday morning, long of face,  
And dressed in broad cloth black and sleek,  
Goes up to church and sleeps or prays!  
No Christian such as you or I  
Have often met upon the way,  
Who join a church with spire high,  
And cushioned pews "so nice and gay"—  
Who pay the preacher all they choose,  
And always want him preach his best—  
Who go to church to flirt or snooze,  
And let the d——l do the rest!

A better Saint, by far, was he—  
Though born and reared within the woods—  
Than some whom we may daily see,  
Who, laden down with worldly goods,  
Would see their brethren die of want  
Ere they would lend a helping hand—  
And yet as first-class Christians pass,

Because great wealth in gold and land  
Blind Fortune helped them to amass !

I often wonder how a man  
Who passes by the poor oppress'd,  
Whose shrunken form and sunken eye  
Proclaim, in silent agony,  
A tale of want and misery,  
As human language never can—  
And lends them not a helping hand,  
Can find at night a wink of rest !  
Or how he ever dares to claim,  
In this enlightened Christian land,  
A title to the Christian name !

Oh! simple, honest Virtue! how  
The millions leave thy humble shrine,  
Around the throne of wealth to bow,  
Or at the feet of Fashion, where  
The feast of fools forever flows—  
And yet, all bloated, filled with wine,  
Which tinkles in their flaming nose,—  
All steeped in vice, unchecked by shame—  
Claim title to the Christian name.

But I digress: I meant to say,  
Ere in this wandering mood I came,  
That Anthony was in every way  
A man well worthy of his name ;

And as he stroked the oxen's side,  
And carefully his father eyed,  
If you had seen him on that day,  
I know you would have said the same.

One more digression: I know well  
What will be thought and what be said  
About this tirade on false men;  
What lofty hearts will puff and swell,  
And call down vengeance on my head;—  
But let the tempest come—what then?  
I'll put the blame on thee, my pen;  
Thou hast a fashion thus to run  
Like some wild colt stung by a bee;  
Unchecked by aught beneath the sun,  
Bereft of "taste" and "dignity,"  
And thou must take the *pen*-alty.

We now proceed: I think we left  
Saint Anthony at the mountain side,  
Patting the oxen's foaming hide,  
While on the silent tow'ring spire,  
Touched with the sunset's glowing fire,  
Dwelt the gaze of his aged sire,  
Scanning its form from head to base,  
Marking each rock and bush and tree—  
Long he looked with a troubled gaze;—

Then as the twilight crept around,  
Till the tow'ring rock was shadow crowned,  
He turned to his waiting son and cried :  
" Unyoke the cattle, my son ; to-night  
We must make our beds on the mountain side.  
You towering rock, if we needs must fight,  
Shall mark the spot where an Anthony's blows  
Fell fierce and fast on his savage foes ;  
*And the booty we take from the foe shall hang  
From its highest peak as a warning plain*  
To every thieving red-skin gang,  
Never to bother my party again !"

The cattle were freed from the heavy yoke,  
And the camp-fire lit in the recess deep,  
Where the rocks and the trees concealed the smoke.  
Their homely supper was soon prepared,  
In which each member with pleasure shared.  
And then, when the stars peeped, one by one,  
From their ether homes in the upper world,  
Gazing the shadowy hills upon,  
And the river that quietly round them curled,  
Each drew his blanket around his form,  
And quietly nestled down to sleep—  
Save one. Saint Anthony's brawny arm  
Was ready to shield his friends from harm,  
And through the long night good watch to keep.



Softly he wandered to and fro,  
Warily seaming each rock and tree,  
Thinking it sheltered an enemy—  
Seeking, yet caring to find no foe.  
Midnight came, and no sound was heard,  
Save the hoot of some nightly bird,  
Flitting the darkened woods among,  
Croaking its short, unearthly song:—  
Or barking wolf in his search of prey,  
Scenting its victim far away;—  
And the low, sad murmur of gliding stream,  
Soft as the music in Summer's dream,  
Floating up to the mountain side,  
Up to the rocks where the shadows hide,  
Wooing our hero's heart away  
Out upon Thought's untrammelled way.

Slowly he paced the trees among,  
Watching and waiting for morn to come;  
Reading perhaps in the silv'ry light  
Stories of by-gone days and years—  
Years which had opened so fair and bright,  
C'losing with darkness, pain and tears,  
Sighing winds 'mid the forest trees,  
Whisp'ring voices of forest leaves,  
Wooing song of the murm'ring stream,  
Starlight's soft and silvery gleam,

Mingled together in holy peace,  
And spoke of the past—its joys and griefs.

He may have dreamed of the future, too,—  
Mystical, wonderful, dark to his view!—  
Bearing perhaps on its ghostly wings  
Only those "Blessings" which misery brings!  
Looking perhaps through the silvery veil,  
Spanning the dome with its mystical light,  
Over the starlight so distant and pale,  
Into the regions ethereal and bright—  
Realms of the sainted, whose flowery plains  
Never are haunted by sorrow or pains!  
Dreaming perhaps of a smiling face,  
Cherished so dearly through pleasure and woe,  
Linked with his brightest and happiest days,  
Buried so tearfully long ago!

Out on the silent and ghost-peopled night  
Angels in converse were murm'ring a name,  
Thrilling his soul with a melody sweet,  
Dimming with sorrow his wavering sight!  
List'ning as if for the echo of feet,  
Feet that had wandered far out in the night;  
List'ning with anguish—again, and again,  
That name full of sorrow so tremblingly came—  
Floating from regions all flooded with light,

'Till o'er the night it had glided and thrilled,  
And every part of his being had filled!

Ah, Mary! thou lost one! the darkness of night  
Has covered his pathway for many a day!  
Since spreading thy pinions and taking thy flight,  
His life has been dreary, and stormy his way!  
The wild flowers bloom just as sweet as of old,  
The sunlight as warm and as golden each ray,  
But *to him* e'en the sunbeams seem dreary and cold  
And the flowers less lovely since thou art away!  
Ye angels that whispered her name to him now,  
Whose pinions have borne her away from his breast,  
Whose fingers have woven a wreath for her brow,  
And bade her come home to the Father and rest—  
Look down on your brother, so lonely and sad,  
Nor whisper that name which so harrows his soul;  
Dark shadows are nestling so cold on his head,  
And billows of sorrow still over him roll!

Deep silence reigned now o'er the pitiless waste—  
A silence all painful and cold—  
But on its bleak canvass a picture he traced,  
Which moved him with anguish untold!

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ST. ANTHONY'S VISION.

The fields of Wyoming are mantled in green,  
And the sunlight is gilding the hills;

While the pure air is laden with riches perfume,  
And the music of murmuring rills,  
Dark mountains, all covered with green sighing pines,  
Rise grandly above and around;  
And through the fair valley a beautiful stream  
Glides down with a murmuring sound,  
So quiet and peaceful the valley appears,  
So glorious and tranquil the scene—  
The mountain so green upon every side,  
And the flower-decked valley between :  
The whitewashed cabins which dot the dark green  
Like the white sails on river or sea,  
Make it look like the borders of some fairy land,  
Oft dreamed of by you and by me.

If an angel had passed by the spot, I am sure  
His eyes would have rested awhile  
On hills, fields, and cabins, so quiet and fair,  
With a bright and encouraging smile ;—  
For something like this I have pictured to me  
The fields in the world far away,  
Where the angels are blest with Elysian scenes,  
In the realms of perpetual day,  
More precious, I know, they will be to us all,  
For their pleasures and beauty will stay !  
But alas ! in the quiet so holy and calm,  
Lurked a spirit as vile as the foe

That robbed us of peace, when Creation was young,  
And brought us so joyless and low!  
And just as the sunlight is fading away,  
Its beauty and pleasure will go!  
The fagot is ready to kindle and burn,  
And the sharp-pointed arrow is drawn!  
And the picture, so peaceful and happy, may change  
To a picture of horror ere dawn!

Behold! it is changing! The glittering stars  
Look down on the shadowy hills;  
And silence, like death, so profound and so cold,  
The flowery valley now fills.  
The lights which had twinkled like stars from the  
home  
Of the settlers, so happy and free,  
Have faded like the dreams of the past,  
While they sleep, all unconscious of danger and death  
Lurking out on the night's darkling sea!  
But see! From the shadowy forest and hill,  
What forms seem to glide like grim spectres so still?  
Till all the dark valley seems peopled with hosts  
Of shadowy beings, like marshalling ghosts!

What light now is streaming way out on the night,  
So red in its wavering glare?  
No planet yet seen makes a light such as this,  
Nor meteor cleaving the air!

Now faint in its glimmer it shines on the night

Like a star wandered down from its sphere—  
So quiet, so weak is its flickering light,

As it steals on the darkness so drear  
It flashes and winks like a passion-lit eye—

It rises still broader and higher,  
Till, horrors! you see by the flame-tinted sky  
Some poor settler's cabin on fire!

Contagion seems leading the devilish flames,

As they leap up all over the vale;  
The settlement wrapt in its mantle of light,  
Makes the stars in the heavens grow pale!  
Death lurks in each bush, and each tree has a foe,  
As deadly as Death, and as still;  
And as the doomed settlers rush out of the flames,  
They meet them to torture and kill!  
All through the dark night lasts the horrible scene;  
The yells of the savage so shrill  
Are mingling with prayers and groans of the slain,  
And sounding o'er valley and hill.  
The settlers, though brave in defence of their homes,  
Are beaten by numbers too strong,  
And driven at last, when there's nothing to save,  
The shadowy forest among.

The dawn comes at last, and the soft glowing light  
Of morning is seen in the East;

The darkness has flown with its cowardly horde  
On the night's bloody banquet to feast.  
The smoke of the cabins, now burned to the ground,  
Still rises and soars to the sky,  
And all o'er the green grassy fields round their homes  
The slaughtered and dying now lie ;  
While those who were spared through the pitiless night  
Cluster round them with anguish untold,  
To kiss the pale cheeks, or to brush the damp hair  
From the forehead now clammy and cold !

A maiden scarce eighteen, lies low on the sward,  
All stained with the fresh crimson tide,  
Which flows still so warm from her fluttering heart,  
And ebbs from her poor wounded side.  
Above her white form bends a fair, manly youth,  
With agony stamped on his face,  
And tears coursing slowly down o'er his brown cheek,  
As he looks with a sorrowful gaze  
On the form, far more dear to his heart than his life,  
Now struggling in Death's cold embrace.

The sunlight is fading from eyes clear and blue,  
And the soft hand relaxing its hold ;  
But a smile of deep love is still lighting her face,  
As her heart and her features grow cold,  
The sweet dying look lingers long on the youth,  
Who whispers 'mid tears of deep woe,

Some sweet loving words which so often she heard  
 Ere her life-light had flickered so low.  
 But alas! loving words cannot stay the red stream,  
 Purling out from the quivering heart;  
 The moment has come when the tie must be cut,  
 And the loved ones forever must part!  
 A short feeble struggle—a fluttering sigh—  
 And the poor trembling spirit is fled;  
 Saint Anthony weeps, but his weeping is vain,  
 For his loved one—his MARY—is dead!

No wonder the name, on that still Summer night,  
 So thrilled the poor wanderer's heart!  
 No wonder the vision he traced in the gloom  
 Would make the long-treasured tears start.  
 Oh, mem'ry! how mournful thy voice to the ears  
 Long closed to the sounds of the Past!  
 How painful the visions of long-vanished years—  
 How dreary the shadows they cast!

\* \* \* \* \*

Now sad and weary, to and fro,  
 With quiet tread, the watcher moves,  
 Dreaming—yet wide awake—of scenes  
 And faces which he knows and loves.  
 The silence, undisturbed and deep,  
 Lies still on everything around;  
 And in the leafy camp still rest  
 The emigrants, in sleep profound.



The stars are twinkling in the skies,  
From North to South, from East to West,—  
Winking like little sleepy eyes,  
That, too, would like to close and rest.  
The river rolls as softly on,  
And murmurs still its wooing song,  
While darting bat and fire-fly  
Still flit the forest trees among.

The wooded hills loom dark around,  
Like banks of tempest-laden clouds—  
Or like some mighty fleet of ships,  
With tow'ring masts and dangling shrouds.

Midnight has come and passed away—  
Midnight! the hour dark and dread,  
When mystic shadows tread the earth  
And silent graves give up the dead!  
The hour to ghosts and goblins dear,  
When all the darkling coast is free,  
And ghosts enjoy their nightly spree!

No ghosts disturb Saint Anthony:  
His courage never yet has fled;  
When bone and sinew menaced him,  
He would not fear the drowsy dead.  
He never yet had seen a ghost,  
Or fairy, spirit, demon, sprite.

Nor any of the shadowy host  
Which glide about the earth at night.

In fact, he was so ignorant,  
He never would believe that "spooks"  
Came down, or up, from land unseen,  
To hide in dark and shady nooks;—  
Those from below to cool themselves,  
And rub the sulphur from their eyes;  
Those from above—the Lord knows why  
They ever leave the starry skies!  
He always said—(poor innocent!  
So rude was this Saint Anthony)—  
That "those above can't come, you see."

But be there ghosts or fairies now,  
As ghosts there were long years ago—  
And some do still believe there are—  
Some folks that you and I do know.  
One thing is certain—something glides  
Along the forest edge that looks,  
In all its quiet movements, like  
One of those very doubtful "spooks!"  
Saint Anthony has seen it, too—  
His eagle eyes so used to scan  
The slightest trail, and which could tell  
The faintest mark of beast or man—

Had seen its very first approach,  
And stooping low, he watched it glide  
From bush to bush, from rock to rock,  
And then behind a tree to hide.  
Saint Anthony knew the sight too well—  
He knew the danger he must face;  
The truth was painful, but too true—  
The Indians found his camping place!

Dear reader, you and I, no doubt,  
Had we been in Saint Anthony's place,  
At midnight, in the gloomy woods,  
With savage Indians face to face,  
Would scarce have been as cool as he:—  
Excited, restless, would have rushed,  
With frantic haste, to wake our friends,  
And thus our hopes of safety crushed.

He knew what subtle foes were there—  
He knew their way of warfare well—  
And though the darkness was intense  
Each movement he could plainly tell,  
The forms like phantoms gliding still  
From rock and bush, along the hill;  
The rustling of the leaves, subdued,  
All o'er the darksome, silent wood;  
The bark of wolf, the hoot of owl,  
Were plain as yell or savage howl.

Scarcely did the first dark shadows glide  
From rock or tree, and deftly hide  
Behind some friendly bush, ere he  
Had waked his sleeping friends and told  
The danger lurking round the way,  
And bade them meet it prompt and bold.

Then from their rude and peaceful beds,  
These forest children raised their heads.  
Soon in that leafy, starlit camp  
Eight rifles gleamed upon the night :—  
Eight faithful weapons, charged with death,  
Are waiting coldly for the fight—  
Eight lifeless iron friends or foes—  
Warm friends to those who yield them now—  
Mad foes to those who stand in range,  
When through the air the contents plough!

You wonder where I find the eight,  
Within that leafy camp to-night.  
Whose arms can wield the deadly guns  
Which gleam within the starry light?  
Only four sons were left within—  
The aged father makes the five;  
But you forget the daughters two,  
And, too, the aged woodman's wife!

“What! Women fight?” Aye, women fight!  
Those women were no dainty things,

Composed of powder, paint and curls,  
Hysterics, flowers, salts and rings!  
But bone and sinew, flesh and blood,  
With hearts that feared no human foe,  
With hands that grasped the rifle cold,  
And used it till it felt a glow  
Of warmth all through its iron frame—  
And felt no pang of fear or shame.

Who do you think did watch their homes,  
When out within the forest deep  
The husband strayed to find them food?  
Who faithful watch and ward would keep  
O'er helpless little ones, so dear,  
When all the woods was full of foes,  
And not a helping hand was near?

Ah! many a long and sleepless night  
Was spent by the old woodman's wife  
Watching her humble forest home,  
Guarding her children with her life!  
Many a rifle ball she sent  
Whizzing and howling through the air,  
Cleaving the skull of savage beast  
Straying away from his mountain lair.

She taught her children to fear no foe—  
They learned the lesson with eager zest;

They drank the spirit of courage true  
 When children at their mother's breast!  
 And now, when the foe is drawing close,  
 To murder and pillage, they know no fear;  
 Not a tremor is seen in their sturdy frames,  
 Not a quiver of lip, nor a fretful tear.

Nearer the phantom shadows glide,  
 Denser the darkness 'round him comes;  
 Colder the night air falls, like shades  
 That linger around the mould'ring tombs:  
 Coolly Saint Anthony moves about—  
 Slow and measured still his tread—  
 But in his eyes a lurid light!  
 Flashes and burns all clear and bright,  
 Kindled by pride, by courage fed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Whiz! Anthony starts, and, bending low,  
 Throws up his faithful rifle quick,  
 And peering o'er the polished line,  
 The well-oiled lock is heard to click.  
 His eagle eye has marked the place  
 Whence came the whizzing arrow shot;  
 And steady as the rocks around,  
 His rifle points the fatal spot!

One single inch of flesh and blood  
 Exposed beyond that sheltering tree,

And he who hides behind his trunk  
Takes wings for dread Eternity!  
Deep silence reigns—as still as death  
All Nature seems at once to be ;  
And well it may—for Death is there—  
Behind each rock and bush and tree !  
Still kneeling in the shadow deep  
Cast by a huge, ungainly rock,  
Saint Anthony bends with gun in hand,  
Waiting the battle's coming shock.

Bang! Saint Anthony's rifle speaks at last!  
Its leaden messenger has sped,  
Swift as the leaping lightning, home,  
And left its mark upon the dead!  
And now the death-like stillness yields  
To frantic cry and fearful yell;  
The forest echoes coming back,  
Seem floating from the courts of hell!  
So hideous, fiendish, are the cries  
That ring along the shores of night,  
That e'en the stars, the silver stars,  
Seem shrinking one by one from sight!

And now the conflict rages for awhile  
As if the sulphur lands had sent their troops ;  
Loud o'er the hill and down the winding stream  
Resound the savage yell and frantic whoops!

Amid the horrid din you hear the ring  
Of trusty rifle shot, and one by one  
Some red man sinks the trampled sod upon.

Thicker the shadows crowd around the spot,  
Where, tow'ring high, the rocky boulder stands !  
Fiercer the arrows whistle through the air,  
Hotter the rifles grow in busy hands !  
Out upon the river's pebbly shore,  
Where savage hands have borne them from the fight,  
A score of red men, cold and lifeless, lie,  
Staring with glassy eyes upon the night !

For two long hours the fearful struggle lasts,  
The few against the many thus arrayed ;  
Dear life for life exchanged, warm blood for blood—  
For two long hours this game of life was played !  
At last—just as the rosy light of day  
Was playing in the East like sunny smile  
Upon the face of sleeping child, whose dreams  
Are filled with gilded baubles for the while—  
The strangest act in all the drama comes !  
A stalwart warrior springs beyond the rock,  
Where brave Saint Anthony had cheered his band  
For two long hours against the battle's shock !—  
Springs like a panther, without word or sound,  
And meets his equal upon equal ground !  
Neither has time to use his rifle true—



Neither dare stop to draw his trusty knife—  
But round each form are thrown a pair of arms  
That ne'er will drop till death has conquered life!

The conflict ceases for awhile without ;  
All eyes are turned upon the stalwart pair,  
Who, hand to hand, and breast to breast, contend,  
By single fight, to end the conflict there.  
And now the fight grows fiercer than before ;  
The cords on limbs, long used to active life,  
Are taxed until they crack with fearful strain.  
So fierce the struggle now, so fierce the strife ;  
First one is raised high up into the air,  
Then with a crash we wait to hear him fall  
Upon the rocky hillside, bleeding, dead,  
Then see him bounding upward like a ball !

Thus, step by step, they fight their weary way  
Up the dark hillside, dealing blow for blow,  
Marking their course by drops of crimson blood,  
Panting and bleeding, step by step, they go.  
Higher still ! All eyes are tuned to see  
Their tragic end, for tragic it must be.  
Higher still ! until their forms are hid  
Behind the tow'ring rock, whose rugged crest  
Catches the first beams of rosy morn,  
Driving the shadows from the curtained West.

A few brief moments, seeming like an age,  
 The struggling foes are hidden from the eyes  
 Of spell-bound watchers, when again  
 Their tow'ring forms above the rock arise!  
 And now 'tis plain what both are bent upon—  
 Death waits for them with bloody jaws below,  
 And from the dizzy height to dash them down  
 Needs but a single push or sturdy blow!

Now all that life has left of strength and will  
 Is called into full action. Sinews swell  
 To twice their thickness, and the veins bulge out  
 With bubbling blood from every crimson cell,  
 Till eyes burst from their covers, and the lips  
 Are white with fierce resolves to win or die:—  
 They stand incarnate devils on the cliff,  
 Midway between the reeling earth and sky!  
 One moment thus, and then a flying mass  
 Of quivering flesh comes crashing through the air!  
 One shriek of horror rolls along the hills,  
 And night and carnage end their orgies there!

\* \* \* \* \*

The Summer sun shines brightly on the hills,  
 And flashes back from many a silver wave,  
 Nestles in loving light on tree and bush,  
 And gilds the sands of more than one new grave.

Down where the waters lave the trampled shore,  
Still damp with dew and wet with human gore,  
Saint Anthony sleeps—his mother on his right,  
And on his left a sister brave and dear ;  
And in the silence of each coming night,  
All through the seasons of the changing year,  
A white-robed spirit comes and gently kneels  
Upon the grave where brave Saint Anthony sleeps,  
Until the dawn is burning in the East  
That form above his grave its vigil keeps !  
Some say it is the same fair maid, whose name  
The angels whispered on that fatal night,  
Come back to wait the coming of that day  
When God will all the loving ones unite !  
Be that the truth or simply rustic talk,  
The rock looms still as darkly in the air  
As when, two hoary centuries ago,  
Saint Anthony and all his friends were there !  
And 'neath its shadow nestle still those graves  
Among the rocks and trees, somewhere—somewhere.

## THE WANDERING MINSTREL.

I hear 'neath my window the deep flowing tones  
 Of an organ, that greeted my ears at the dawn,  
 When erst from my dream-haunted couch I arose,  
 And greeted the morn with a sigh and a yawn.

All through the long day, in the dust and the heat,  
 That wandering minstrel has hurried along,  
 From door unto door, from street unto street,  
 To gather the coppers, but few, for his song.

And now, as the sun in the far-distant West  
 Is tinging the hills with its last golden ray,  
 As it calmly and slowly is sinking to rest,  
 He halts, 'neath my window, at close of the day.

There's a sad, dreamy look in his dark sunken eye,  
 And a shadow of grief on his time-furrowed brow,  
 And I plainly can see by his oft-heaving sigh,  
 That his heart is not here, where his music is now.

Ah! memory haunts him with visions more dear,  
 Than scenes now around him can ever portray;

Unmindful of all that around him appear,  
His spirit is wandering far, far away.

Perchance busy thought, in its fanciful flight,  
Rushes back to the days in the long, long ago,  
When he followed the roe up the Appenine's side,  
Or played on the banks of the bright-flowing Po.

When a fair little brother, with dark, flowing hair,  
Held his hand as he roamed over mountain and plain,  
While peals of sweet laughter gushed out on the air,  
From a heart, which on earth shall beat never again.

Or in spirit he stands by a grass-covered grave,  
Where a loved sister sleeps, on her cold, clayey bed :  
While the low, drooping willow-trees over her wave,  
And the soft zephyrs sigh 'mid the leaves overhead.

Or he wanders once more by the sweet singing rill,  
Where in youth with a loved one so often he strayed,  
And his dark eyes with tears to her memory fill,  
As his gaze meets the spot where the lost one was  
laid.

Ah! well may the tear-drops roll down his dark face,  
As scenes of his boyhood come back to his eye,  
'Tis but a sweet dream, which will end ere the trace  
Which the tear drops have made on his brown cheek,  
shall dry.

No mother with fond heart, awaits him at home—

No sister to greet him with welcoming smile—

No brother with whom o'er the green fields to roam—

No loved one his heart from its grief to beguile.

No home in the wide world awaits his return—

No kindred to greet him—no friend to embrace,

Ah! lone one, well may thy poor, weary heart yearn,

For the long-cherished scenes of thy bright boyhood's  
days!

Move on with thy burden, few care for thy woe,

But few of Earth's children will pity thy lot,

But bear this in mind, in thy wand'rings below:

Our joys and our sorrows are all known to God.

## \*OLD YEAR FAREWELL.

•

Hark! how the welkin rings,  
 As on its axis swings,  
     Bell after bell!  
 Each in its mournful way,  
 Seeming in words to say:  
     “Old Year Farewell!”

Out on the wintry air,  
 Echoing everywhere,  
 Trembling on hill and dale—  
 Prairie and mountain dell,  
 Hear the deep chorus swell:  
     “Old Year Farewell!”

Back in thy boundless sea,  
 Oh! vast eternity,  
 Rushing so rapidly,  
     Pass our years ;

Silently on they wind,  
 Leaving no trace behind,

\*The first day of January came on Sunday in 1865

Flitting like shadows by—  
 Softly as infants sigh,  
 Swiftly as arrows fly,  
 Like some bright fantasy,  
     Each disappears.

\*        \*        \*        \*        \*

Farewell thou parting year ;  
 When thou art far from here,  
 Still be thy spirit near,  
 Telling of days once dear,  
     Days of the past.

Telling of sunny days,  
 Whisp'ring of childish plays,  
 Painting us many a face,  
 Singing us joyous lays—  
     Songs that should last—  
 Leading us back once more—  
 Back to the scenes of yore,  
 Back to the sunny shore,  
 Back to the golden door,  
     Hiding the Past ;

Flinging the portals wide,  
 Tearing the veil aside,  
 Ope'ning to thought and sight,  
 Scenes in the past so bright,  
     Scenes we loved well—



Spirit of ages past,  
Let this bright vision last ;  
Bid not our thoughts "avast,"  
    Here let them dwell,  
While the sad chorus swells,  
Uttered by Sabbath Bells :  
    " Old year Farwell !"

## ACROSS THE BRIDGE.

I sauntered slowly, on an Autumn day,  
 Where Bushkill's crystal waters murmur'ing flow—  
 In meditative mood. Around me lay  
 The mellow sunshine, gilding field  
 And hill, with royal glow,  
 While shadows of the half-clad trees  
 Played on the stream below.

Like beacon-fires the crimson maple stood—  
 All wrapp'd in Autumn flames, along the hills ;  
 While bush and vine, within the silent wood,  
 With golden colors glowed.  
 And in the sky the clouds, in purple rills—  
 Stretching from burning West to shady East—  
 In silent grandeur flowed.

Within the stream the silvery fishes played,  
 In joyful frolic darting to and fro ;  
 While 'mid the trees the Autumn breezes strayed,  
 And sang their songs in voices sad and low.

I turned and crossed the little bridge  
That spans the stream, and lo! I stood  
Among the sleeping dead!

"How like the Bridge of Time," I softly said;  
"A few short steps and mortals find their way  
Across the narrow stream all mortals dread,  
And take their place, where comrades daily stray  
Among the silent dead!  
One step from life's bright tinsel'd stage  
To death's cold bed!"

And yet, beyond the bridge not all was gloom;  
I saw the hedges dressed in glossy green;  
Upon the graves the laughing flowers bloom—  
And on the trees, all clad in golden sheen,  
The birds sang everywhere,  
While whisp'ring voices, soft and musical,  
Stole on the air.

Beyond the Bridge of Time the sunlight plays  
On fields forever green. The flowers bright,  
Unfading bloom, through endless Summer days—  
For in those realms there comes no chilly night—  
And music sweet is heard,  
Sweeter than earthly minstrel lays,  
Or carols of a bird!

## F L O W N .

I had a pretty little bird,  
 With plumage, Oh, so fair!  
 Whose voice had often charmed my soul  
 With music sweet and rare.

It knew me when I called its name,  
 It nestled in my hands—  
 It sang the songs the singers sing  
 In brighter, sunnier lands.

I hoped this little bird would stay  
 To cheer my weary way,  
 For it was all my heart had left  
 To drive its cares away.

But Oh! one dreary, dreary day,  
 It left my side and fled,  
 To seek some fairer land, I ween,  
 And left my spirit dead!

And now they bid me look away  
 To fairer, sunnier clime,

Where bright-winged birds are singing still,  
Beyond the reach of Time.

But that will never bring me back  
My own sweet singing bird!  
Such comfort seems to me, at best,  
Unmeaning and absurd!

HOW SHORT, AND YET HOW  
LONG.

How short the happy days  
That greet us now and then !  
How seldom do they come,  
How soon they leave again !

How long the restless nights,  
How full of pains and sighs,  
When sleep is wandering far  
From dull and tearless eyes !

How short the sunny days  
That Summer gives us here—  
How few in number, too—  
Our weary hearts to cheer !

How long the winter days,  
How dark and chill they lay,  
For many a weary month,  
Around our burdened way !

How short our lives on earth,  
And yet how long and drear  
The weary, weary years  
That bind the suffering here!

## TO THE LOST ONE.

For many years thy form has lain  
    Beneath the grassy sod,  
While I, exposed to grief and pain,  
    The beaten path have trod  
Which winds along the hills of life—  
    A rough and lonely way—  
And ends with all our toil and strife  
    Beneath the trampled clay.

The mark of pain is on my brow,  
    And sorrow haunts the heart  
Which once was linked to thine ere thou  
    Wert called from us to part ;  
And I have often longed to lay  
    This weary head of mine  
Beneath the cold, unfeeling clay,  
    Where thou hast pillowed thine.



## THE HAUNTED GROVE.

Do you still remember, Ned,  
How in years now gone, we met,  
By the saucy little brook,  
On a sunny summer day,  
And upon the greensward lay,  
    To dream our idle hours away?

You remember, Ned, one day,  
In the flow'ry month of May,  
    While the heavens smiled above,  
And the earth was full of glory,  
How you told a "spooky" story,  
    And we named it "Haunted Grove?"

Many a glorious blissful dream,  
Filled our minds beside that stream,  
And our young hearts fondly thought  
Time would never change the spot.

Years have gone, dear Ned, since then!  
Changes time has wrought in men.

But my heart still longs to dwell,  
On those scenes we loved so well.

On a bright autumnal day,  
Whither, Ned, I took my way,  
Through the meadow soft and wet,  
Took the same old path that led  
Where we oft in boyish glee,  
Waded up to calf or knee.

And I need not name the spot,  
I was seeking, when I trod  
O'er the green and sinking sod,  
For we never can forget,  
Where that winding pathway led.

Much I longed once more to spy,  
That green spot where you and I,  
In our youthful days so oft,  
Plucked the berries sweet and soft.

And I sped with rapid feet  
Toward that silent—cool retreat,  
'Round the hill the path I traced,  
Scarcely seen, so wild and waste,  
Till the very spot I faced.

But imagine my surprise,  
When I raised my wistful eyes

Not a single tree was there!  
Neddy, all was bleak and bare!

Where the tow'ring oaks had stood,  
'Neath whose shade we often wooed  
Gentle slumbers in the past;  
Now the sun its glory cast,

Not a tree or branch was there—  
Bleak and dreary everywhere!  
All is changed—and truly, Ned,  
There I longed to lay my head  
On the grassy bank and die,  
'Neath the broad unclouded sky.

For, where e'er I turned my eyes,  
All was changed beneath the skies—  
All but you, dear Ned, and you,  
May be changed in future, too!

## GROW NOT TIRED OF LIFE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FANNY FOXGLOVE.

Grow not tired of life, though its pleasures  
 Are mingled with sadness and sorrow !  
 To-day with its woes may bring treasures  
 For our enjoyment to-morrow.  
 Life's tempests may gather and lower,  
 And darkness around us may hover,  
 But sunshine will certainly follow  
 When the darkness and tempest are over.

At Life's even the shadows *will* gather  
 Around our pathway, quite coldly ;—  
 Do not then grow fearful, but rather  
 Meet the lingering foes the more boldly :  
 For then we are nearer than ever  
 Where white-robed and sainted immortals  
 Shall rest from their labors forever,  
 Beyond Heaven's gem-studded Portals.

Though our journey has brought us, 'mid dangers  
And sorrows far out on Life's ocean,  
Until all around us seem strangers,  
Awaking the saddest emotion—  
Yet we know that beyond Death's cold river,  
The sunlight, with heavenly lustre,  
On oceans of beauty shall quiver,  
While loved ones around us shall cluster.

## EDITING A PAPER.

'Tis just the finest thing on earth,  
 To print a local paper ;  
 It pays, as everybody knows—  
 Especially your neighbor.  
 It takes no work at all, you see,  
 Your news, you always *find* it ;  
 If some is stale when found, you know,  
 Your readers never *mind* it !  
 'Tis simple work to print a sheet—  
 You see the type, then ink it—  
 Then press it down and print the stuff  
 Much faster than you think it !  
 You're always sure to please each one  
 That reads your daily paper,  
 For what suits one is always sure  
 To suit his friend and neighbor !  
 The editor he goes to work  
 At six o'clock or after,  
 And then he tells his men to print  
 Some stuff to create laughter.

This he intends for crabbed folks,  
 Who love the gay and funny,  
 And always want a large amount  
 For very little money !  
 And then he orders them to print,  
 For readers grim and sour,  
 A lot of blood and thunder stuff,  
 To while away an hour,  
 And then he does his best to find  
 A lot of something sweeter,  
 For here and there among his friends  
 He finds a dainty feeder.  
 They set it up and press it down,  
 And bring it to their readers  
 And then 'tis read and criticized  
 By all the Pauls and Peters.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, pshaw !" says Paul, "a pack of stuff—  
 The locals are all cooked to death ;  
 The editorial I saw  
 A year ago, as sure as breath."  
 "These puns," says Peter, "and the jokes,  
 Are all dyspeptic, lean and dry,  
 And all the solemn things in print  
 Could never make a monkey cry."  
 (Here let me add that this seemed true,  
 As Peter's eyes kept very dry).

“ He prints no word of murder, theft,  
 And fire,” says John, “ he never sees ;  
 Sure all the fighting dogs in town  
 For all he tells us, live in peace.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Thus speak the critics—noble herd!—  
 Such trash the hard-worked printer hears,  
 And if he truly calls them fools,  
 Such tales as these ring in his ears :  
 “ He drinks ! he swears ! he smells of cheese !  
 He lies ! he steals ! he’s full of strife !  
 He used to trade in hogs and geese !  
 He kissed another husband’s wife !”  
 Thus cry the vicious, envious, dumb,  
 Thus gets the editor his pay ;  
 And yet he labors, sweats and tugs  
 For such, his very life away.



## SYMPATHY.

▪

'Tis sweet to have some faithful friend,  
To cheer us on life's rugged way,  
And point us to the better land,  
While praying for us day by day.

When I am weary in the race,  
And long, with many a yearning sigh,  
To be at rest, I'm glad to know  
That others sometimes feel like I.

'Tis sweet to think, when shadows steal  
Around my pathway, drearily,  
That other hearts, still kind and true,  
Will sympathize and feel with me.

And, better still, 'tis sweet to know,  
That in bright regions far away,  
Loved ones lean o'er the jasper walls,  
And wait my coming day by day.

## DREAMS.

All the day long, while I am writing,  
 I think I can hear, far away,  
 The sweet forest songsters inviting  
 Me out where the cool shadows play.

And while I am working and list'ning,  
 I think I can feel the cool breeze,  
 And see the bright sun-pictures glist'ning,  
 Among the green-robed forest trees.

I dream while I bend o'er my journal—  
 I hear the sweet murmuring stream  
 As it glides through the regions supernal,  
 And, oh! how I relish the dream!

I see the fair wild flowers blushing  
 So sweetly within the cool shade,  
 And the sunlight in golden streams gushing  
 All over the mountains and glade.

The trees seem to whisper so slyly  
Some story a century old,  
And I answer as softly, but shyly,  
A secret I never have told.

Then they nod their green head as if saying:  
"All right! we will not tell again!"  
And I laugh while their antics surveying,  
To think what a goose I have been!

## THE GRAVES IN THE WOODS.

When the writer first came to Easton, fifteen years ago, while roaming—in company with a friend,—over the hills and along the streams surrounding our town, he strayed into a small grove, situated about five hundred yards to the right of the ‘ Old Oil Mill,’ on the Bushkill— when, to his great surprise he discovered three graves, the outlines of which could still be traced, assisted by the rude, moss-stained stones lying half buried among the rank weeds, at their heads. Upon one of these stones were carved, in rude letters, the name and date of the departed. The date was 1651. The writer unfortunately lost the memoranda of the inscription then made, and when several years later he visited the spot to re-copy it, the stones had disappeared. What anti-quarian brother forgot his manhood, in his passion for relics, and plundered the graves of the past generation? The writer could never learn anything positive concerning the name and character of the occupants of these graves, and the most plausible conjecture on the subject has been embodied in the following rude and imperfect lines.

’Twas on a Summer evening, long ago,

The sun was shining in the distant West,  
Bathing the forest trees with crimson glow,

Before it sank to rest.

The Bushkill sped the aged hills among,

Each dancing wavelet tipp’d with sunset’s gold,  
Singing a weird but soft and soothing song,

Many a century old.

The forest trees, untouched by woodman’s blow,

Cast long, quaint shadows on the mossy ground—

While on each green and oscillating bough,  
Some bird a home had found,  
Deep silence reigned around—the ev'ning breeze  
Held converse sweet with dancing forest leaves,  
Or softly sighed amid the quiv'ring trees,  
Such sighs as Nature heaves.

When, just as from the hills had disappeared  
The last bright crimson blush from rock and tree,  
The sound of voices could be faintly heard  
In mournful melody,  
A low, sad chant broke on the silent air,  
And gently stole the circling hills among,  
Leaving a sense of sadness everywhere,  
So mournful was the song.

And then a band of mourners wound along  
The rugged hill-side path, that bent its way  
In many a turn the forest aisles among,  
Where shadows thickly lay,  
Three coffins rude, by twelve stern Indians borne,—  
One pale-faced follower, whose silv'ry hair  
Flowed round a face by care and sorrow worn,  
The only white man there.

Within the coffin rude a faithful wife,  
Whose head, while dying, pillowed on his breast.

The last link binding him to earth and life,

Was carried to her rest,

A son of promise, and a daughter fair,

Had passed away a few short hours before

The mother spread her spirit-pinions there,

To other worlds to soar.

Within the silent wood a streamlet flowed,

Whose bosom flashed with tiny silver waves,

And where its waters in the sunset glowed,

Were dug three shallow graves.

And to those graves the sturdy Indians bear

Their sacred burdens now, and as they go,

The mournful "death chant" of the Delaware

Sends forth the tale of woe.

They reached the grave, and stood with drooping heads

The aged mourner's parting words to hear,

And while they listened, on the coffin lids

Fell many a silent tear.

Five years before, that aged man had left

His pleasant home, where peace and plenty smiled,

To preach God's Word to men of Truth bereft,

Within the forest wild.

He reared his cabin rude, where Bushkill flows

Around the hill, upon whose marbled crest

Our own departed, free from earthly woes,  
In dreamless slumber rest,  
The tidings of that Cross had touched the heart  
Of many a forest child, as nought else can,  
And they, though rude, had learned in time so short,  
To love the aged man.

Five years had flown, like summer shadows fly  
Across the silent moore at eventide,  
Or like the purple rills, through sunset's sky,  
At rosy evening glide.—  
Then death came stalking through the forest old,  
His black wings dripping with contagious dew,  
Which poisoned every breeze that through the wold  
In fitful murmurs flew.

Hundreds of red men fell an easy prey  
To this dark Spirit, who with silent tread,  
Threaded the forest aisles, and strewed the way  
So thickly with the dead.  
At last he entered at the white man's door,  
And laid his hand upon his children dear;  
Then from his arms his faithful wife he tore,  
And left him *only* there.

And now they sleep within the shady grove,  
Within the sound of Bushkill's murmurs still,

Where in their youth, two hundred years ago,  
It rippled round the hill.

The forest children, who there dropped a tear  
Upon the coffin rude, have passed away,  
Unknown, uncared, unwept, unless 'tis true,  
As some good men do say,

That angels weep when suffering mortals die  
Forsaken, poor, and helpless here below,  
Robbed of their all, homeless beneath the sky,  
No friend on earth but Woe!

Oh, I have stood above the trampled graves,  
Where sleep in dreamless sleep the nameless dead,  
And I have wished to lay, where sleep these braves,  
My weary, throbbing head!

For as the forest trees, 'neath which they strayed,  
Have vanished one by one,—so joys youth feels,  
Will fly away and leaves us desolate,  
As age around us steals.

Nameless as those who rest beneath the sod,  
Where Bushkill sings its song the long, long day,  
Will be *our* dead when 'neath the senseless clod,  
Two hundred years they lay.



## BURIED TREASURES.

•

Graves line the rugged paths of Life, where mortals  
 often weep,  
 Though neither friends nor kindred dear within their  
 chambers sleep ;  
 Yet sacredly and lovingly, with sorrow true and deep,  
 The mourning ones above these graves their tearful  
 vigils keep.

Ah ! we have buried treasures dear, in days long past  
 and gone,  
 When no intrusive friend or foe was coldly looking on,  
 And we the only mourners there to drop a tear of woe  
 Upon the spot where we had laid our dearest treasure  
 low.

Hopes cherished in the sunny Past lie dead and buried  
 now—  
 Lie side by side, where they were crushed, with many  
 a broken vow ;  
 And o'er their ashes, thick and fast, our tears full  
 often flow,  
 While mem'ry lingers 'round the scenes we cherished  
 long ago.

In some lie buried Friendship's links, that bound us  
true and fast  
To those who we had fondly hoped would love us to  
the last ;  
But false and hollow were the hearts that claimed  
affection's tie,  
And now within the mocking grave the broken fetters  
lie.

In some lie buried sunny eyes, which cheered our  
boyhood days,  
Whose loving glances still are left to light some *other*  
face ;  
And forms that flit around our path to haunt us as we  
go—  
Whom *others* see in youthful life, *we buried long ago!*

Ah! there are graves which you and I may trample  
every day,  
As carelessly we wander on Life's labarynthian way,  
Not knowing that beneath our feet some sacred treasure  
lies,  
Which, when our footsteps press the spot, bring tears  
to other eyes.

## ONE BY ONE.

One by one, the Summer flowers  
 Hang their lovely heads and die ;—  
 One by one, Life's golden hours  
 Speed on silent pinions by!

One by one, the leaves are falling  
 On earth's cold and lifeless breast :—  
 One by one, the angels calling  
 Loved ones home to peace and rest!

One by one, the waves are beating  
 On the barren shores of Time :—  
 One by one those waves, retreating,  
 Bear us to some mystic clime.

One by one, the birds are flitting  
 To some distant, brighter land :—  
 One by one, Death's door admitting  
 Some one from our social band!

One by one, the colors fading  
From the distant sun-stained West :—  
One by one, Death's current wading,  
Loved ones pass away to rest !

## SPIRIT VOICES.

There are voices sad and low—  
 Ever sounding here below,  
 Voices hushed for many a year  
 Falling ever on my ear;  
 Soft as Winter's fleecy snow,  
 Sweet as songs of "long ago!"

In the whisp'ring of the leaves,  
 Trembling on the forest trees—  
 In the sigh that summer heaves,  
 As its golden glories flow—  
 In each chilling Winter breeze,  
 Speaks some voice of "long ago!"

In the brooklet's silvery song,  
 As it sports the fields among—  
 In the birds's low melody,  
 As it flits from tree to tree—  
 All this day, so sad and long,  
 These same voices speak to me!

How they speak of hours past,  
And of days forever fled!  
Till around me thick and fast,  
As I bow my weary head—  
Loved or hated to the last—  
Crowd the dying and the dead!

They can never be of earth,  
For they pain my stubborn heart  
As no sound of woe or mirth  
Ever yet could make it smart,  
As their tones like surges roll  
In upon my drooping soul!

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HON.  
HORACE GREELEY.

•

It is done! His battle days are ended,  
His conflict o'er—a noble victory won!  
Youth, Manhood, Age—in one dim mass is blended,  
And on them all is written: "It is done!"

Yes, it is done! And Freedom's Champion slumbers,  
Where din of strife can reach his ear no more!  
He sleeps, all peaceful, with the countless numbers  
Who trod the highways of this world before.

His work is finished, and the world is better,  
Because he lived and labored with us here;  
His influence broke the bondman's galling fetter,  
And raised the poor man to a higher sphere.

No slaughtered heaps upon the field all gory,  
Proclaim his deeds of greatness here below;  
His is a brighter and a sweeter glory  
Than bloody deeds of valor can bestow.

He dared to fight for Right, against Oppression,  
Though Wealth and Power often blocked the way;  
Nor ever made to Wrong the least concession,  
Though friends might plead and foes might gain the  
day.

He was a hero—crowned with fame immortal;—  
His name will live when nations prostrate lie—  
Will live when we have crowded through Death's  
portal—  
Will live while Freedom dwells beneath the sky!



## S O M E T I M E !

•

I am waiting for the shadows 'round me lying  
 To drift away ;  
 I am waiting for the sunlight, always flying  
 To come and stay !  
 I know there's light beyond the cloudy curtain—  
 A light sublime !  
 That it will shine on me I now am certain—  
 Sometime ! Sometime !

I am waiting for the Summer's golden lustre—  
 Now far away—  
 When golden fruits around my life shall cluster  
 Each sunny day !  
 We read of fadeless flow'rs in fabled story—  
 In far-off clime—  
 And I shall pluck them in their pristine glory—  
 Sometime ! Sometime !

Then I shall hear the voice of loved ones call me  
 To their dear side ;

And I shall then, whatever may befall me,  
    Rest satisfied!  
For on my ear sweet notes of love shall tremble,  
    In matchless rhyme,  
From hearts and lips that never can dissemble—  
    Sometime! Sometime!

I am waiting; but at times I grow so weary—  
    Far seems the day  
When all the pain which makes our lives so dreary  
    Shall pass away.  
I know the heart, oft filled with tones of sadness,  
    Like funeral chime,  
Shall echo with the songs of love and gladness—  
    Sometime! Sometime!

## THE CROSS.

No monument  
 Of granite grey,  
 Or tow'ring shaft  
 Of marble, may  
 E'er mark the spot  
 Where I shall lay.

The world's last tribute a few tears may be,  
 This life, for me, was but a battle ground,  
 Upon whose fields I met with many a wound,  
 And all the real joy that I have found,  
 Was in the Sacred Cross, all sorrow-crown'd.

Then let this be,  
 My monument.  
 I'll rest content,  
 If over me,  
 Some angel bend,  
 To view the tree,  
 On which He bled.  
 I bore it here,  
 With many a tear,  
 Let it be near  
 When I am dead.

## OUR DEAD HEROES.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO BELL POST, G. A. R.

Low in the valleys and high on the hills,  
 Lining the rivers wide, fringing the rills—  
 All the warm Southland is dotted with graves—  
 All o'er the Northland lie sleeping our braves.  
 Some fell, unburied, unknown and unwept,  
 Where the wild whirlwind of battle had swept—  
 Swept with its torrents of hot iron hail ;  
 Fell while they breasted the death-laden gale.  
 Some on the sunny fields, waving with grain—  
 Some in the deep, quiet woodland remain ;  
 Others came home to be laid side by side  
 With kindred and comrade as soon as they died.  
 \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Eight years have nestled down softly and still—  
 Down on the graves our dead heroes fill—  
 Since the last gun sent its thunder abroad,  
 Since the last battle for Freedom was fought !

Almost forgotten now! Deep in their graves  
 Moulder to ashes our slumbering braves;  
 Almost forgotten, while yet may be seen  
 The debris of battle on fields growing green!  
 Not by the widowed wife—not by the few  
 All of us leave behind, loving and true!  
 Not by the comrades tried, left in War's track,  
 While they were mustered out, ne'er to come back!  
 Oft when the crimson tide floods the far West—  
 Oft when the blushing sun goes to her rest,  
 Kindling the sky with her evening fires,  
 As from the gold-mantled hills she retires—  
 Loved ones are kneeling, and pure, loving tears  
 Fall on the sunken graves, grass-grown for years!  
 But many who cheered them on—urged them to go—  
 Go to their country's aid, ten years ago—  
 Promised to honor them, living or dead!  
 Now never think how they suffered and bled!

\* \* \* \* \*

Shall we forget them now? Shall we forget  
 How much they suffered then—cancel the debt?  
 Cancel it now when foul Treason is crushed?  
 Cancel it now when their voices are hushed?  
 Cancel it now with forgetfulness? Nay!  
 Not while we know of the dark solemn day,  
 When War's dreaded tocsin, like death-tolling bell,  
 Came sounding aloud o'er mountain and dell;

When forth from their homes rushed a patriot band,  
While Treason was tenting all over the land—  
Her camp-fires gleaming like stars on the night—  
Rushed forth to do battle for Freedom and Right!

By the low matted graves in the valleys and dales ;  
By the green mounds that cover the hillsides and vales ;  
By the mem'ries that cluster around our dead ;  
By the tears that so oft for the slain ones were shed ;  
By the pale, shiv'ring widows that people the land ;  
By the poor, pleading orphans on every hand ;  
By the chill and the gloom on their desolate way ;  
By the crippled and helpless around us to-day ;  
By the mem'ries that cling to the fields of the dead,  
Where our fathers and brothers have suffer'd and bled ;  
By the darkness that hangs like a funeral shield  
On many a bloody and scorched battle-field ;  
By all that we envy as freeman to-day,  
Forget not the heroes who fell in the fray!

Strew flowers, in showers of crimson and gold,  
On the graves where our heroes sleep silent and cold :  
Strew them thick on the graves—do not spare them,  
I pray—

Remember, they gave their own dear lives away.  
Let the comrades in arms, marked with many a scar,  
Who breasted with them the red torrent of war,

Gather round the green graves where their comrades  
now sleep,  
And deem them not weak if perchance they should  
weep !  
For, standing once more where their comrades have  
lain  
For eight peaceful years, they are soldiers again !  
The battle is raging, the cannon's deep roar  
Sounds loud on their ears, as it sounded before ;  
The dark smoke of battle is hanging around,  
And red with the blood of their friends is the ground !  
The comrades of old, on their tear-blinded sight,  
Are pictured again in the thick of the fight !  
They see them as Death cuts them down on the plain—  
They hear their deep groans as they writhe in their  
pain !  
Let them weep—for more dear are the tears of the few  
Who loved them in life and in death remain true,  
Than granite from hands when the hearts have grown  
cold  
Ere the graves of their saviours are many years old !

## BOYHOOD DAYS.

I am dreaming to-day of the home of my childhood,  
 The fields where I played in the sweet "long ago"—  
 The path in the shade of the rose-scented wildwood,  
 Where still, as they tell me, the red roses grow.  
 The tall waving oaks, with their arms spread so kindly,  
 'Neath which, when a child, I so frequently strayed,  
 And dreamed—as in manhood I hopefully, blindly  
 Still dream—as I wander beneath their green shade.  
 The brooklet that danced through the meadows, all  
 gleaming  
 With silvery sun-rays on satiny crest—  
 And mixed with dark shadows, that looked to my  
 seeming  
 Like waves of the ocean upon their green breast.

A boy, with his rod of brown birch-wood, is sitting  
 Beneath an old willow that bends to the brook,  
 With a strong cotton cord of his own simple knitting,  
 And patiently baiting his harmless pin hook.  
 Not sorrowless then was the boy of my vision—  
 Not free from the cares that encompass us men,—



For in his young heart was a yearning ambition  
To be what he knew he could never be then.  
Yet free as the birds in the low drooping willows,  
He sang, as he dreamed of the years still to come,  
When the bark that was tossed on Life's troublesome  
billows,  
Should find a safe anchorage, sheltered at home.

The same boy is dreaming to-day, as in childhood,  
(I meet with him daily, I chide him full oft);  
But the face is less fair than the one in the wildwood,  
The voice, though still plaintive, less tender and soft,  
The face has deep furrows of pain, or of sorrow—  
The eye, though still strong, is less bright than of  
yore;  
And still in his dreams he is seeking to borrow  
What waking experience will bring him no more.  
Oh! sweet days of childhood! How memory lingers  
Around them, when weary of earth and its pain!  
How we watch, 'mid the darkness, the white gleaming  
fingers,  
That beckon us back to their pleasures again!

## DECORATION DAY.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO BELL POST, G. A. R.

Soldiers! the graves of our comrades in arms  
 Are green with the grass of the spring-time again;  
 The flowers of Summer are scenting the air,  
 And waiting to garland the graves of the slain;  
 Let us visit the spot where they slumber in death,  
 Let us deck their green graves with a reverent hand,  
 Though *they* heed not the act, let the living observe  
 How we honor the dead, who, through suffering and  
 pain,  
 Once battled to save our own native land.

Let us garland their graves with fresh flowers again!  
 Though *sleeping to-day* where no sorrow, nor pain,  
 Can reach them for aye—where the battles of life  
 Are ended forever—nor envy, nor strife,  
 Can call them again to the march, or the field,  
 For honor, for freedom, their weapons to wield,—  
 They *have* suffered *for us!* they are resting to-day  
 From the sufferings and pains of the perilous fray!

Here lies one who with us felt the fiery shower,  
In front of doomed Fred'ricksburg many an hour;  
Shoulder to shoulder we marched to the works,  
Blocking the road with the wounded and dead,  
Climbing the breastworks, all glowing and hot,  
As the air seemed to vomit forth iron and lead!  
Hundreds of cannon, with fiery breath,  
Breathing the air full of slaughter and death!  
Many a comrade went down in the fray,  
Crown their green graves with your flowers to-day.

Out in the Wilderness, barren and waste,  
Sinking in marshes, and wading through mud,  
Mud that was black with contagious disease,  
Dyed with the crimson of newly shed blood!  
Weary and sick with the havoc of War,  
Bringing no triumph, and yielding no ground,  
Death only singing his peans afar,—  
Dying and dead lying helpless around,  
He who now slumbers so low at your feet,  
Fought with us, marched with us, hungered and  
bled!  
Crown ye his grave with the jewels of spring,  
Scatter with flowers his grass-covered bed.

Bloody Antietam! all black with the smoke,  
That burst from thy guns through the terrible fight!

The shock of the squadrons that met on thy field—  
 The columns that reeled on the left and the right—  
 The bursting of cannon, the shrieking of shells,  
 The shouts of the victor, the cries of the lost,  
 The riderless horses, "all frantic with fright,"  
 That dashed through the thick of the smoke-  
 shrouded host,—  
 All burst on our view, as we stand at this grave!  
 For here sleeps a comrade who fought with us then,  
 And fell as he fought his dear country to save!  
 The battle is hushed, and the clear balmy air  
 Is freed from the smoke, for many long years;  
 But deeper the silence that lingers around  
 Where sleeps our comrade, where fall our tears,  
 As we lay our garlands upon the green mound.

Others are dead, whom we met in the fields,  
 Where the orange-grove scented the death-tainted  
 air:—  
 On the plains of the South, 'neath the sweltering sun,  
 On the snow-shrouded fields of the North—bleak  
 and bare,—  
 In the forests, and swamps, where the freshness and  
 bloom,  
 Of the highland, and valleys, is ever unknown,  
 Some lost graves may be, which no eyes can behold—  
 Where some comrades sleep all unheeded—alone.

No friend brings a wreath to their desolate home,  
No tears wet the sod, where those comrades now  
    sleep—  
But still some kind angel may visit the spot,  
And yearly, *this day*, its kind vigil there keep.

The sweet, balmy zephyrs of springtime will play  
    Mid the green satin grass where they slumber, to-day;  
And the wild flowers bloom upon many a grave,  
    Unknown, and unseen, where a few years ago  
The battle tide swept, with its billows of death,  
    And buried some comrade where none of us know;  
But the birds, and the winds, in their flight through  
    the air,  
Will scatter some seed that will bear blossom there!

And within some warm heart, be it humble and poor,  
    Or proud in its boast of its beauty and fame,  
There's an urn filled with flowers that never will fade,  
    Fair memory's blossoms, that always endure,—  
And yearly, when soldiers are strewing the graves,  
    Of comrades long buried, their spirits will stray  
Among the dim woods, and the marshes, and lay  
    Their garlands where sleep all unnoticed these  
    braves!

## USURY.

There are more Usurers, I ween,  
 Than many people seem to know,  
 Though some of them are never seen,  
 To shave men's paper here below ;  
 Yet such are just as much to blame—  
 If usury is sin at all—  
 As those who have the name and game,  
 And call for work by sign or ball.

The man who makes the widow poor  
 Pay all she earns, by way of rent,  
 For some dark room below the ground,  
 Or on some dingy garret floor,  
 Take more, I think, than "six per cent."

And he who cuts man's wages low,  
 When work is scarce, his money spent,  
 And he *must take* what we *bestow*,  
 Or with his children begging go,  
 He takes, I judge, full "eight per cent."

And he who takes "all he can get,"  
Though little at a time it be,  
Can't be induced to give or lend—  
Too close to live, too mean to die—  
A lump of selfish misery—  
He rakes and scrapes and hoards, I bet,  
Until he makes full "ten per cent."

And he whom God has blessed with wealth,  
And common sense enough to know  
That wealth and power, like strength and health,  
For doing good are only lent,  
And does not use them thus below,  
Robs God of more than "twelve per cent."

## THE CUP OF DEATH.

What joy hast thou, Oh! guilty man?  
 What pleasure can the bowl accord?  
 The drunkard's bowl—that sends to Hell  
 Unnumbered souls, its courts to swell,  
 And join the anthems of Discord?  
 The cup, whose froth is *death* to Life—  
 And anguish to the loving wife.  
 That turns the noblest work of God,  
 To vilest brute, and foulest sot!  
 The cup, that robs the widow's mite,  
 And turns the fairest day to night!  
 The cup that fills the path of life  
 With blood, and tears, and angry strife!  
 That robs the mother of her joy,  
 While gazing on her drunken boy!  
 That sends its life—embittered dart  
 Deep in the loving father's heart!  
 That paints the crimson blush of shame  
 Upon the gentle sister's cheek,  
 While gazing on the glowing flame,  
 That marks upon the face the league



Thy soul has made with Hell and Death!—  
Or smells thy foul, polluted breath,  
That fills thy sleep with horrid dreams,  
And, waking, still around thee cling,  
Till every wretched moment teems  
With sights, and thoughts, thy soul to sting!  
That withers every sturdy limb,  
And makes thy flashing eyes grow dim!  
Tears from thy cheek the glow of health,  
And robs thee of both fame and wealth!—  
The cup, that breeds but death and woe,  
That drives the suff'ring child, to seek  
Its daily crust, through rain and snow,  
With shivering form and tear-stained cheek,  
And only scorn and insult meets,  
While begging through the busy streets!  
That makes thy offspring seek their rest  
With hungry mouth, and heaving breast;  
Their couch, a heap of straw, at best!  
The cup, that leads its victim straight  
Upon the flame-begirted gate,  
That leads to endless night and pain,  
Where spirits beg for rest in vain!—  
Oh! comrade, flee the cursed bowl!  
Flee from the fiend that seeks thy soul!  
Break through the bonds that fetter thee,  
To LIFE, to PEACE, to LIBERTY!

## HOW THE RESTLESS YEARS ROLL ON!

How the years roll on!  
O'er time's tempest beaten shore,  
Many a year has passed before,  
With its silent solemn tread,  
O'er the living and the dead!

Seasons come and go,  
As the waves of Ocean leap  
Madly from the reckless deep,  
Lashing for a while the shore,  
Then retreat for evermore.  
So the Seasons come and go.

Like a fleeting summer day,  
One by one, they pass away,  
Soon Life's ev'ning cold and gray,  
Falls around our lonely way,  
As the restless years roll on!

Stopping not for wind or tide,  
In their swift unfalt'ring flight,  
Through life's shadowy eventide,  
Through death's cold and dreamless night.

Still the restless years roll on!

Spectral like they glide along,  
Through the sad and giddy throng,  
Halting not for right or wrong,  
Rich and poor they glide among,

Still the restless years roll on!

Little children quit their play,  
As they sweetly bid them stay ;  
While the youth, with sturdy frame,  
And the aged man exclaim,—

“ How the restless years roll on ! ”

Silently they come and go,  
O'er the living and the dead ;  
Leaving many a silver thread,  
'Mid the locks upon your head,  
Which “ a little while ago,”  
No such sign of age could show,

As the restless years rolled on !

Many a vacant chair is seen ;  
Many a desolate demesne ;

Many a bright, familiar, face  
 Gone from its accustomed place ;  
 Many a grave beneath the snow,  
 Not yet there a year ago ;  
 Many a then unclouded brow,  
 Deeply scarred and furrowed now ;  
     As the restless years roll on !

Changes will occur,  
 Through the fast succeeding years,—  
 Some bring joy, and others tears.  
 Happy for us that *they* change !  
 Should the sorrowing years remain,  
 Others bring no joy again.  
 Who would live—endure the pain,  
     As the ruthless years roll on !

Happy he who holds his own,  
 As the restless years roll on !  
 Happy thrice, the favored few,  
 Who, through Time's untrammelled flight,  
 Gather pleasures sweet and new,  
     As the restless years roll on !

Seasons go and come again,  
 But not so with dying men,—  
 Go we *must* but ne'er return,

From the dark mysterious bourne,  
Where so many a friend has gone,  
    As the restless years rolled on!

Let us labor while 'tis day ;  
Let us do good while we may ;  
Nobler, better we will be,  
For our christian charity,  
Here and in eternity,  
    As the endless years roll on!

## TROUTING.

'Tis almost trout-time again, friend Ned,  
 The winter at last is gone,  
 The streams are free of the ice and snow,  
 The grass in the valleys begins to grow,  
 In the genial April sun.

There's a fine old trout in Ross-Common Creek  
 That I handled a year ago,  
 But he got away, as I thought him sure!  
 I told you then that *my hook was poor*,  
 But that was not really so!

It happened thus: We were out one day,  
 And waded the mountain brook;  
 The weather was warm, and the streamlet low,  
 And everywhere covered with brush, you know,  
 You scarcely could throw a hook.

If you cleared the bushes *above* your head,  
 You caught at some root on the shore,

Or tangled your line like a Bushman's hair,  
And then, when you pulled, it surely would tear,  
Or tangle still worse than before.

After leaving a dozen or more of hooks,  
On the bushes above and below,  
I wearied at last of the sportless play,  
And out through the bushes I worried my way,  
With a movement both painful and slow.

I caught in the tangled bushes, and tore  
My jacket, my hands, and my face ;  
Quite startled at times by the snakes, that fled  
From the sunny brooks, as they saw my head,  
Come bobbing around the place.

At last I entered the meadow, that hugged  
The stream on the open side,  
For the grand Blue Ridge, on the other shore,  
Rose tow'ring a thousand feet, or more,  
And a mile and a quarter wide.

I trudged through the meadow, with rod in hand,  
My limbs feeling stiff and sore,  
And halted at last, as I cast a look  
On the widening, deepening mountain brook,  
As eager to fish as before.

The place looked so tempting, I waded in,  
And flinging a bran new line,  
With a tempting fly, near a submerged stump,  
Where I saw some big speckled beauty jump,  
Which I reckoned should soon be mine.

The bed of the brooklet was stony there,  
And I stumbled again and again,  
So eager was I for the speckled trout,  
A moment before I saw dancing about,  
That I heeded no fall or pain.

I cast my fly, as I said before,  
In the rollicking, eddying pool,  
And sure as I tell you, a monster trout  
Just took my hook, and then galloped about,  
Till I felt like a startled fool!

At last I pulled at my line, and lo!  
From the water, so deep and clear,  
An "eighteen incher," all plump and bright,  
Came dancing, and flopping, to my delight,  
Close up to my very ear!

I grasped the beauty with vice-like hand,  
And hastened to reach the shore,  
For I had forgotten my net that day,



And feared that my pris'ner might get away,  
If I slackened my line still more.

Just then, as I felt quite sure of the prize,  
I trod on a slippery stone,  
And my feet quite crazy flew upwards and I,  
Went *down* in the stream with a smothered cry,  
And my "eighteen incher" was gone!

I did not care for the ducking I got,  
Nor yet for my bleeding shin ;  
But when I arose from the crazy stone,  
And found that my speckled beauty was gone,  
I felt just as wicked as sin!

I fished for an hour or more, at the spot,  
And thought I must hook him once more,  
But he never would wink at the worm, or the fly,  
And I think to this day the old fellow is shy  
Of the stump, where I hooked him before.

But I thought I would try him again, friend Ned,  
He is older and slower, you know—,  
And if I should hook him again, you may bet,  
He won't catch me stumbling, and *minus* my net,  
As he found me a year ago!

## FEAR NOT.

When the chilling blasts of sorrow  
 'Round thy dreary pathway blow,  
 Fear not, as you onward go—  
 Hope for better times to-morrow—  
 Life is changing here below.

Rocks thy life-boat on the surges  
 Of Life's ocean to and fro—  
 Fear not, as you onward go,  
 Those mad waves but nearer urge us  
 Where Life's waters calmly flow.

Withers all that gives thee pleasure,  
 In this fitful life below ;  
 Fear not, as you onward go,  
 Thine shall be an endless treasure,  
 Naught on earth can e'er bestow.

Press thy foes in countless numbers,  
 Ever near, to mock thy woe ;  
 Fear not, as you onward go,

Heaven's shores no foe encumbers—  
Heaven ne'er can shield a foe.

Leave thee, friends and kindred, coldly,  
As misfortunes round thee grow :  
Fear not, as you onward go,  
*One* true friend stands by thee boldly,  
Leaves thee never here below.

## A MYSTERY.

Upon a mountain tow'ring high,  
 Where foot of man has never trod,  
 Nor eye has seen but that of God—  
 Where sunset beams the longest lie—  
     A flower blooms.

So beautiful its colors rare;  
 The rainbow tints of heaven glow  
 In every satin fold: but lo!  
 It blooms in all its beauty there,  
     Unseen—alone!

I wonder why this little gem,  
 Which kings would welcome with delight,  
 Was placed by Father out of sight,  
 To quiver on its fragile stem,  
     Uncared—unknown?

\* \* \* \* \*

A pretty little mountain bird,  
 With golden pinions, wings its way

Where evening shadows longest play,  
And sings its vesper song unheard  
By human ear.

Surely it was not made to sing  
Its pretty songs to tree and sky!  
And yet no mortal ear is nigh  
To listen to its sweet warbling  
On yonder height!

I know why Father placed a bird  
In every bush, and strewed the flow'rs  
All o'er this crooked world of ours;  
And why the starry heavens gird  
This earth around.

'Tis that we *all* may hear them sing—  
And see their beauty everywhere—  
And smell their perfume in the air—  
And view the golden clustering  
Of God's own gems.

But why he placed them out of sight,  
And out of mortal hearing, too,  
Unless for angel eyes to view,  
And angel spirits to delight,  
I ne'er could tell!

## MISS INQUISITIVE.

Her little eyes looked bright as stars.  
Her cheeks were rosy red,  
A little door plate on her back,  
A bee-hive on her head!

She bowed her little curly head,  
And pressed my ungloved hand,  
Her little fingers lily white,  
Scaree half my digits spann'd.

I saw a blush steal on her cheek,  
Below her eyes so blue—  
The rest was covered up with *rouge*,  
The blush could not show through.

And then she curled her cherry lips,  
And smiled so bright and sweet,  
Until I thought her little face  
Was sweet enough to eat!

I knew the lass meant mischief then;  
She never looked so nice,  
Unless she had some boon to ask,  
Or news to advertise.

She spoke awhile of Mary Smith,  
Thought freckles spoiled her looks,  
And then ran off a little speech,  
On pictures, dress, and "spooks."

"Oh that reminds me," (spooks indeed!)  
Of some queer stories told,  
About your own "Mechanics Lodge,"  
Perhaps you think me bold."

"But may I ask you Mr. C.,  
The tale is all afloat—  
If men who join your Order first,  
Must ride a wicked Goat?"

I smiled a smile that made her blush,  
And why, full well knew she,  
"Why no my dear, but very oft  
They sport a nice Goat-ee!"

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

What other "rights" do women want  
 Than those they now possess—  
 The right to blow their husbands up,  
 The right to *flirt and dress?*

From early morn till late at night  
 Their tongues are wagging fast,  
 Denouncing everything at sight  
 That does not suit their taste!

We dare not contradict the dears,  
 'Twould be too *impolite* :  
 And so their tongues ring on our ears  
 Like fire-bells at night!

They have the right the geese to beat  
 In articles of dress ;  
 The right to sail along the street  
 Like camels in distress!



The right to flirt with other Jo's,  
As often as they choose,  
And thus annoy their faithful beaux  
And drive them to the—"noose!"

The right to give a saucy "No,"  
Where we expect a "Yes,"  
Then laugh because the dainty blow  
Has caused us some distress!

The right the nicest chaps to snub,  
That ever jumped in hose,  
And wed a sneaking, red-haired grub,  
With crooked, freckled nose!

The right to steal our hearts away,  
And plunge us men in grief,  
Without a law their work to stay,  
Nor right to call them "thief."

The right to every blessed seat  
In car or omnibus—  
From every crossing on the street  
The right to jostle us!

The right to cheat us fair and square,  
With bran and cotton paddin'—

The right to wear another's hair,  
And even wear a rat in!

The right to dance, to smoke, to drink,  
To love, to laugh, to cry;  
To speak, to write, to act, to think,  
To wed, to live, to die!

What more is wanting, sisters dear,  
What else to pleasure you?  
For all is yours that man may claim,  
And man your servant, too!

## BEYOND THE KITTATINNY.

The hills! the hills! the winding hills,  
All crowned with Spruce, and waving Pine,  
And tasselled chestnut trees, that stand  
Like plume-clad sentinels in line,  
Along their summits, fringed with green;—  
Casting a soft and golden sheen,  
On earth, and rock, while far and wide,  
Their banners deck the mountain side.

I love to see the shadows steal  
Along their sides, and summits high,  
As ragged clouds pass overhead,  
Drifting along the summer sky,  
Printing their pictures, ever new,  
Upon the woodland's page of blue;  
Sporting awhile in quiet play,  
Then glide as silently away.

Great fields of light, like sunlit seas,  
Glance on the left, while on the right,

Dark shadows play, as if the wing  
Of some dark-omened bird of night  
Had waved above the summit green,  
To rob it of its silvery sheen,  
And chase, with its attendant ills,  
The sunlight from the rippling hills.

The trees stand trembling in the breeze,  
Their countless leaves, like silver bells,  
Making low music, soft and sweet,  
That many a half lost story tells ;  
Lulling the mountain birds to sleep,  
As eve'ning shadows 'round them creep ;  
Casting a dreamy spell around  
Where e'er their mystic voices sound.

High up, on yonder summit, stands  
An aged oak, whose leafless crest,  
All dead and withered long ago,  
Is lifted high above the rest ;  
The sentinel whose tow'ring form  
Has breasted many a summer storm,  
And stood, unyielding to the last,  
'Gainst many a howling, winter blast.

The earliest sun rays, as they glance,  
Spear-like, above the Eastern sky,

Kiss his dead boughs, and last at eve  
Surround his head, before they fly.  
The storms of centuries have shorn  
His leafy locks, the lightnings torn  
The crown of leaflets from his head,  
And left him splintered, dry and dead.

Upon its topmost branch, I see,  
In dreamy mood, a mountain bird—  
High soaring hawk—has stopped to rest,  
Where the least danger he incurred.  
Since early dawn the bird has sailed  
Around the fields, and barns, but failed  
To catch a strolling hen, or steal  
A thing to make his morning meal.

With searching eye he looks abroad,  
O'er waving fields, and winding streams,  
Flashing like silver threads among  
The quiet vales. He sits and dreams  
Of nests among the shady woods,  
Where solemn Silence ever broods ;  
Or of the savory hens that play,  
Within the farm-yards far away.

Could I but rise where he is now,  
And view the wide spread picture seen

By that mute bird!—the woods and fields,  
 And winding streams, that flash between,—  
 The woodman's hut, the farmer's home,  
 The pine-clad hills that 'round him loom,  
 The silv'ry lake three miles away,  
 Where I have spent full many a day!

Far as the straining eye can see,  
 The dark blue Kittatinny sleeps ;  
 While golden sunlight floods its sides,  
 And all its silent summit steeps.

Its Pine-clad crest is lifted high,  
 As if it tried to kiss the sky :—  
 Or wrapped within a fleecy cloud,  
 Like giant dead in silv'ry shroud.

I scan the scene and wond'ring see,—  
 Within the mountain, deep and wide,—  
 Upon the South, a yawning gap,  
 Through which the gleaming waters glide  
 All gracefully, and drift away,  
 To swell the treasures of the bay.

High on each side the walls arise,  
 All craggy, rent, and torn, as left  
 When through the mountains, ages back,  
 The long pent waters fiercely eleft

A passage rude, and high, and wide,  
The barrier which long stemmed its tide.

The shrieking engine thunders now,  
Along the winding Delaware,  
Sending its silv'ry wreaths of steam,  
High up upon the limpid air,  
Waking the echoes long asleep,  
Within the vale and woodland deep.

A cabin rude, within the wood,  
Black with the smoke which hangs around,  
Tells of the charcoal-burner's home,  
And heaps of bark, piled on the ground,  
Show how his busy hands are turned,  
Before his coals are fully burned,  
To other work, by system led,  
To earn his crust of daily bread.

Anon I hear the sullen "thud"  
Of cleaving axe, or louder sound,  
As some old tree, beneath the blows  
Of woodman, totters to the ground,  
And lies where, centuries ago,  
A little seed, it chanced to grow.

Long have I sat, and listened to  
The dull report of falling axe,

As blow on blow came through the woods,  
And oft my busy brains would tax,  
While trying for a while to count  
The echoes, as they rolled around.  
And, list'ning thus, I dreamed of years  
Within the Past, when not a sound,  
Save that the drumming Pheasant made,  
As on some dead tree on the ground  
It played with wing unchecked, and free,  
Its gleeful mountain reveille,  
Disturbed the silence of these hills,  
Which he now with his echoes fills.

And as the rumbling sound came on,  
Like muffled thunder to my ears,  
Telling another tree is gone:  
I saw within the coming years,  
My Country's doom—her sons laid low—  
Her golden fields with purple flow;—  
The pillars lie where once they stood;—  
Her polished shield, all stained with blood!



## THE ORPHAN BOY'S FRIEND.

▪

Ragged and poor was the little boy,  
As he slept in the autumn sun;  
Tattered and torn was his jacket grey,  
Bare were his feet, and soiled with clay,  
And wounded by many a stone.

Out of the city; its bustle and glare,  
Where no one would happen to pass;  
Hungry, and chilly, he went to sleep,  
Tired, and weary, he nestled deep,  
On the Common amid the grass.

Nothing to eat for a night and a day,  
No one to bid him come in,  
Sick of the windows all golden with bread,  
Sick with the fever that flamed in his head,  
Sick of the glare and the din.

Houseless and breadless, the boy went to sleep,  
And yet not quite friendless was he;

Nestling quite close in the orphan boy's arm,  
Keeping his thinly clad body quite warm,  
Rested his loved dog "Dondoe."

He was the only true friend the boy had;  
And often he shared his dry crust;  
Often the largest and best part he got,  
As solemnly by the boy's side he would trot,  
In the cold, or the heat and the dust.

Hungry, and weary, they passed the long day,  
Seeking in alley and street,  
Over the city they left far behind,  
Food for their hunger, but nothing could find,  
Nothing the long day to eat.

Often some brutal man rudely would spurn  
His trusty companion and friend,  
And then for a moment the boy would forget,  
His hunger, and rags—and the coldness he met,  
As he turned his poor dog to defend.

Many a night in the cold Autumn blast,  
At his wet chilly side he would lay,  
Keeping him warm with his shaggy hide,  
Scanning the Common both far and wide,  
Watching till break of day.

None in the city of wealth and pride,  
A kind helping hand would lend,  
Over the world with its teeming life,  
Filled with its plenty, and rent with its strife,  
This was his only true friend.

The morning light blushed on the Common so  
bleak,  
But still on his cold grassy bed,  
Nestles the boy with the dog in his arm,  
Nothing can cheer them now, nothing can harm,  
The boy and the dog are both dead!

## THE SLANDERER.

The Devil made a sumptuous feast one day,  
And bade his royal courtiers all to come  
And taste his cheer. Without the least delay,  
They came by thousands through the fearful gloom,  
And, entering the flame-lit mansion, stood  
Around the board prepared with dainty food.

The choicest viands graced the festal board:  
Roasted men and women, whom he killed  
For conscience sake, because they once ignored  
His Majesty; the centre nicely filled,  
And on the ends some human hearts, all stuffed  
With jealousy and envy, steamed and puffed.

Plates full of lying tongues, in purple gore,  
Stood steaming here and there, and sent  
A sickly odor through the chamber door;  
And wine distilled from hearts, on mischief bent  
While yet on earth, which, after death, were pressed  
In Satan's mills for acids they possessed;

And tempting puddings, made of little lies,  
All coated o'er with vitriolic slime,  
Drawn from the hearts of men with double eyes,  
Who passed in blasting characters their time ;  
And pastry made of " wild oats," sown on earth  
By nice young men of *wealth* and *noble birth*.

When all were seated at the host's command,  
And servants stood in readiness to lend  
To each gay courtier a helping hand,  
The Devil, with a little graceful bend  
Of his snake covered head, bade one by one  
A hearty welcome, and the feast went on.

At Satan's right sat Malice, Devil Chief  
Of all his Sulphury realms, and on his left  
Dark Slander sat, his vilest pimp and thief,  
With grizzly lips and tongue all burned and cleft,  
The great Prime Ministers of Church and State,  
And ushers at Hell's flame-begirded gate.

Ranged 'round the table, each in ghostly dress,  
Sat Envy, Hate, Hypocrisy and Greed,  
And other satelites, who more or less,  
Deserved great honor for their acts, or breed.  
They all partook of roast, and stew, and fry,  
And soon the sound of revelry rose high.

Each one recounted, in his turn, a tale  
Of lofty daring, while he lived on earth,  
That would have made the stoutest sinner quail.  
But only made the chamber ring with mirth—  
When Slander stooped and whispered in the ear  
Of Satan some low words, with impish leer.

The Devil cast a fierce, malignant look  
On all around the board—then slowly rose,  
While from his breast a gleaming knife he took,  
And calling to his imps the doors to close,  
He bade his officers to rise and hear  
What had been whispered in his list'ning ear.

“Some traitor in this place has dared to tell  
A fearful, lying tale, about their King,  
And ere this banquet closes it were well  
To know *who* basely hatched and bred the thing.  
Come forward, Chiefs, and take the loyal oath,  
And may the knife the lying tongue expose!”

Each one in turn the flaming dagger kissed,  
And each in turn went guiltless to his place.  
Until dark Slander neared it, when it hissed,  
And flashed, and spluttered in his very face!  
“Unmasked! Base scoundrel, thy own lying tongue  
Has told this tale my loyal friends among!”

“Turn him away!” the wrathful monarch cried;  
“Out from the halls, back from the vilest den!  
Give him no room among the true and tried  
In all Hell’s regions! Cast him out, my men!  
Too vile for us, too foul to sight or smell,—  
Give him no place in all the nooks of Hell!”

Out in the ghostly night, with here and there  
A dull blue flame of sulphury light to tell  
Where, in their ever changeless, filthy lair,  
The wretched doomed in ceaseless anguish dwell,  
The banish traitor rushed, to seek some place;  
Where he might hide his flame-beblistered face.

Then, one by one, he visits all the dens  
Of thieves and murd’ers for some resting place;  
But all refuse him room, with some pretense—  
All think his presence would bring more disgrace.  
At last he found a hole through which he crept,  
And came to Earth, where since he has been kept.

Meaner than thief or toad, viler than beast,  
Fonler than filth, and blacker than the pit  
From which Hell drove the Slanderer—at least  
Where he was not at all considered fit  
To live—he crawls among us like a snake,  
With slimy poison ever in his wake.

## TISS ME, PAPA, 'FORE I S'EEP.

“Tiss me, papa, I am s’eeepy,  
 And my head feels oh ! so thick,  
 I tan hardly teep it quiet,  
 I’m af’aid I’m detting sick.

“ You have always tised your Willie,  
 ’Fore he laid himself to s’eeep,  
 When I prayed my little prayer,  
 To the Lord, “my soul to teep.”

“ I have said it to the “ amen,”  
 And I thought I heard you weep  
 While I prayed—but now I’m tired  
 Tiss me, papa, ’fore I s’eeep.

“ All last night I dreamed of angels,  
 Dressed in white around my bed,  
 And their little wings did fan me,  
 And it tooled my aching head.

“ Now perhaps when I am s’eeeping,  
 They will tome adain and stay,



Or perhaps they'll take your Willie,  
And will tarry him away.

Tiss me now, dear papa, tiss me,  
And if I do not awake,  
Don't forget I prayed "the Father,"  
Fore I s'ept, "my soul to take."

\* \* \* \* \*

Little Willie now is sleeping,  
Where the flow'rs their vigils keep,  
'Twas the last time papa kissed him,  
"Fore" his darling went to sleep.

The bright sunlight of the morning  
Glanced within his little room,  
But his Willie's hands were folded,  
He was ready for the tomb.

“THIS IS A LAND OF LIBERTY!”

Oh, liberty ! how changed art thou !  
 The Goddess good men only bless'd  
 In days gone by,—each rascal now  
 Pretends to love the best !  
 The man who sports the heaviest purse,  
 And owns the most inhuman heart,  
 Who cracks the whip with ribald curse,  
 Above the *poor* man's head, and hearth,  
 Now loudly takes thy part !  
 But where, oh ! where, for thee and me,  
*Poor* loyal men is liberty ?  
 Oh, for the days of yore ! when we,  
 With tranquil hearts, untouched by fear,  
 Could tread the land, or ride the sea,  
 Free as the bird that cleaves the air !  
 When friends we loved—now cold in death,  
 Within some Southern stream, or ditch,  
 Sat 'round the New Years board with you,  
 And felt that freedom, pure, and true,  
 Belonged not only to the *rich* !

But why complain? the day will come,  
When Freedom, strong and unoppressed,  
Will beckon from her mountain home,  
Her *humble* followers back to rest.  
When grim Oppression's iron heel,  
The poor and humble cease to feel,  
When North, and South, shall war no more,  
But *freedom rule* from shore to shore!

## THE BOOT-BLACK.

The snow was falling, both thick and fast,  
 O'er pavement, and gutter, and street;  
 Out in the dreary and snow-clad waste,  
 Urging the trav'ler to greater haste!—  
 A voice came sounding upon the blast

“ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

A dwarf-like fellow, with eager haste,  
 Came trotting along the walk,  
 His face was marked with his oily paste,  
 His jacket torn from collar to waist,  
 His voice was ringing upon the waste,

“ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

The sleigh bells tinkled upon the air,  
 And beautiful sleighs dashed by,  
 Laden with men and women fair,  
 Echoing laughter everywhere,  
 But still the cry resounded there,

“ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

Horses and riders dashed along,  
Heedless of life and care,  
Merrily sounded the festive song,  
Heedless of sorrow, or want, or wrong,  
Mocking the cry, so loud, and long,  
    “ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

Ev'ning shadows came gath'ring cold,  
Over the city so gay,  
Down in an alley, all gloomy and old,  
Hiding a picture of suff'ring untold,  
Still came floating the cry, less bold,  
    “ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

A pallet of straw is the boot-black's bed,  
Cheerless, and breadless his home,  
All through the night he lies shiv'ring and wet,  
Covered with snow was his sleepless head,  
Faintly he cried in his fever yet,  
    “ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

Morning came chilly, and cold, to his door,  
The boot black lay lifeless and cold.  
Out on the blasted and wintery shore,  
All is as gay as it was before,  
But the boot-black's voice is crying no more :  
    “ Bla-ack-your-boots !”

## THE VILLAGE CHURCH BELL.

Toll! toll! toll! The solemn, measured sound,  
Comes quivering on the air, and lingers long,  
In mournful cadence on my list'ning 'ear.  
It is a sound not often heard to steal  
Around our quiet village homes. God's arm  
Is kindly thrown around his children here;  
His angels guard our hearths, and breezes pure,  
Laden with the perfume of sweet shrubs,  
And flowers fair, around us daily flow,  
Imparting life, and strength, to form, and heart.  
But few have passed away from our midst,  
Since summer's balmy breath, was turned to ice.  
But this fair summer eve, just as the sun  
Is sinking down behind the Western hills,  
Upon its bed of many colored clouds,  
The village church bell solemnly records  
The exit of a loved one from our midst.  
I knew the maiden well. The rosy hue  
Of life and health dwelt but a little while  
Upon her youthful cheek. Long months ago,

When summer's last and fairest flowers drooped,  
We knew we soon should see *her* droop and die.  
But God's own hand upheld the maiden still,  
And let her see the flowers bloom once more.  
To day she died. The sunshine lay like gold  
Upon the mountains—flowers bloomed around,  
Dotting the green with colors fair and bright,  
As if some angel hand had flung a show'r  
Of many colored gems upon the earth.  
Their fragrance stole upon the summer air,  
Like holy incense from some angel shrine,  
Where spring perpetual reigns.  
Music such as Seraph Songsters make,  
When spirit fingers touch the golden harps,  
Stole softly through the waving mountain trees.  
The earth was calm as if the voice that hushed  
The angry sea of Galilee, long years ago,  
Had echoed there with power omnipotent.  
The drifting clouds, within the quiet sky,  
Looking like curtains formed of silv'ry lace,  
Hung on the azure arch above—and through  
Their drooping, graceful folds, all fine  
As angels' weavings, swept the whisp'ring winds  
Of realms etherial, swaying to and fro  
The misty tapestry, while flashing back,  
Upon the mountain's waving green, a light  
And dreamy shadow, such as flits upon

The placid face of sleeping Innocence,  
When dreams of sorrow haunt the childish brain.  
Oh, I have often thought 'twere sweet to die,  
When summer's sunshine fell in golden sheen  
On tree, and flowers—on field, and flashing stream.  
When birds were singing in the air, and hills  
And valleys blushed with flowers sweet, and yet,  
It must be hard to gaze the last, last time,  
Upon the beautiful of earth, and die,  
When all around is ripe with summer's bloom ;  
To heave the sigh of death, while happy birds,  
And insects, sings the song of life, and joy.  
But thus she died, like summer flower nipped  
By early frost—she bowed her gentle head,  
And drooped away—Ah well! like you and I,  
She often longed to be at home—at rest.

Toll! toll! toll! Upon the balmy breeze,  
Is borne the trembling knell to many a home,  
In sad'ning strains. An hour ago, upon  
Each oscillating twig, and waving bough,  
A wild bird songster sang its sweetest song ;  
And swelling into one, their silvery notes,  
Mingled with the songs of happy hearts,  
And echoed through the Paradise above.  
But now their songs are hushed, while list'ning to  
The mournful tones of yonder tolling bell.



The fair young mother clasps her darling child,  
More closely to her heart, and stops to kiss,  
With tearful eyes, its little velvet cheek,  
While o'er her face a painful shadow steals,  
And from her lips a murmured prayer floats  
To Heaven's throne—in favor of her babe.

Toll! toll! toll! Leaning pensively, and pale,  
Against yon lofty elm, whose shadows fall  
Upon his humble home, a dark-eyed youth  
Catches with aching heart, those solemn tones.  
Pain and sorrow have marked his earlier years,  
And left their impress on his marble brow .  
And as he listens to the trembling sound,  
Stealing so sadly over hill and dale,  
He longs to sleep within the church-yard, too,  
Where soon shall rest the playmate whom he loved.  
While list'ning thus, upon the summer air,  
Still quiv'ring with the sound of tolling bell,  
Some voice, borne from the better world beyond,  
Seems softly murm'ring in his ear, sweet words  
Of peace, and hope, that check his half-formed  
pray'r.

But ah! 'Tis hard to live, and suffer thus!  
The little birds may sing their sweetest hymns—  
The pearly brook may "clap its liquid hands"—  
The passing breeze may whisper words of peace—

What matter these to him ? His cheek may flush  
 With false, deceptive glow—his eye look bright,  
 But in his form is Death, and in his heart,  
 Hope folded long ago her wings and died !

Toll ! toll ! toll !

The lonely widow weeps in yonder Cot,  
 As stopping for a moment in her task,  
 Her weary fingers, lame with bitter toil,  
 Brushing the falling tears away—and listens to  
 The trembling message carried to her home.  
 Sad memories come trooping from the Past,  
 And gather 'round her in her humble home.  
 Fair pictures of her *youthful home*, loom up  
 Before her tearful vision now ; the noble form  
 Of him, whose coming footstep in the happy past,  
 Was music to her ear—whose footsteps fall  
 No more upon the gravelled walk, at home :—  
 The home itself—so carefully supplied,  
 With all the comforts of a happy life ;—  
 A wasting form upon a couch of pain ;—  
 Long nights of faithful watching—pleading pray'r—  
 Of cheering hope—of dark despair—and then—  
 A silent room—a shrouded form—the solemn tramp  
 Of funeral train—the rattling—painful sound  
 Of falling earth upon the coffin lids :—  
 The “Earth to Earth”—and “dust to dust”—and  
 then :—

Ah, then! the empty, cheerless, silent home!  
But from these visions of the Past—she turns,  
To see the Present—as it *is to-day*.  
The sighs of hungry little ones—who gaze,  
With yearning looks, upon the empty board—  
Fall on her list'ning ears, and tell her *she*  
Cannot afford the luxury of tears!  
Work! work! work! Toll! toll! toll! ah! weary  
world!  
No need hast thou of tolling bells, to tell  
The weary, starving ones of earth to weep!  
There are sad, trembling chimes, that Mem'ry rings,  
And clashing bells, that Misery daily tolls,  
That tell the weary-hearted oft enough,  
That such as *they* have naught to claim but tears!

## A CONFLICT.

I sink in humble silence down,  
 Content to take a smile or frown,  
 Unmindful of the cross or crown,  
     If Jesus fills my breast.

God has my helplessness revealed!  
 I met upon the battle-field  
 This day, a foe that would not yield,  
     That would not give me rest.

I met it square! with eagle glance,  
 I aimed a blow with tilted lance,  
 I trusted in the fight to *chance*,  
     I struck, but struck too low!

Shivered the lance lay at my feet,  
 And I had suffered base defeat,  
 A moment more in full retreat,  
     I hastened from the foe!

We met again; upon the field  
 From which I lately vanquished reeled,

The taunting challenge loudly pealed ;  
This time *from me* the cry.

I raised myself above the crowd,  
Which seemed to compass us about,  
I struck with wild exultant shout,  
That rang along the sky.

I struck, and struck again, but lo !  
Beneath my quiv'ring arm the foe,  
Sprang safe beyond the crushing blow,  
For I had aimed *too high* !

I wavered—then a taunting yell  
Came floating from the courts of Hell  
And 'round my path a blackness fell  
Darker than starless night.

Within my heart I seemed to hear  
A siren voice, quite plain and clear,  
Tell me to *yield this once*, nor fear  
That all would yet come right !

I started like a hunted deer,  
When bay of hound sounds on his ear ;  
I looked, but saw no refuge near,  
Then sank despairing low !

Just then a flash of golden light,  
Broke on my soul's dark hopeless night,  
I saw the Saviour's open side—  
    The crimson current flow.

Quick as that light with golden beam,  
Showed me the crimson fountain gleam,  
Fresh dipped within the purple stream,  
    I grasped my lance once more.

Then with its dripping point I turned,  
And felled the foe myself had spurned,  
And this sweet lesson then I learn'd,  
    *To trust my Jesus more!*

## H O P E.

I saw a vine, weighed down with purple grapes,  
 Clasp its rude arms around a giant oak  
 Which stood within the shady forest aisles ;  
 While o'er its head the forked lightning raced  
 Along the midnight pall that cast its folds  
 In rugged piles along the burdened sky—  
 And thunder answered thunder loud and deep,  
 As over hill and valley peal on peal  
 Shook rock and tree, and temptest wings  
 Struck in their passage fierce the sturdy limbs,  
 From Oak and Pine—or tore them from the earth,  
 And flung them crashing on the slipp'ry rocks !  
 But still that vine held in its rude embrace  
 The giant Oak—whose sturdy roots struck deep  
 Beneath the hoary rocks, unmoved !  
 And thus, I thought, the humble Christian clings  
 Around the “ tree of life,” whose sacred roots  
 Grow deep beneath the “ rocks eternal,” while  
 The storms of life burst from the sable clouds  
 Of persecution wild, and “ floods of sorrow roll”  
 Across the sick'ning heart and weary soul ;—

And clinging there, the tempest loud may roar,  
And flood on flood may mercilessly pour  
Its waste of water on his faithful head,  
That tree sunk deep within its rocky bed,  
Will shield him evermore!  
Though things we loved and prized, are lost for aye,  
And friends who smiled upon us once, are gone,  
And life's drear path grows darker day by day;  
The hope of rest beyond the starlit dome,  
That casts its misty veil before the scenes  
Which soon will burst resplendent on our sight,  
While life's drear pilgrimage on earth shall end,  
But draws our arms more closely round the tree;  
And blessed Hope with bright ethereal wing,  
Wafts all our hearts' fond dreams far, far beyond  
The passing joys and pains of life.



## I W I L L .

.

No matter what the work may be,  
 Nor what my heart may think or feel,  
 When duty calls I'll cling to Thee,  
 And answer, " God, I will! I will!  
 With Jesus' help, I will! I will!"

When tempests round my pathway roar,  
 And darkness veils me like a pall,  
 In his dear ears my plaints I'll pour,  
 And give my blessed Father all;  
 With Jesus' help, I will! I will!

And if around my pleasant home  
 Grim poverty and want should stare,  
 If they for Jesus' sake should come,  
 I'll bid them hearty welcome there;  
 With Jesus' help, I will! I will!

When sunlight gleams upon my way,  
 And all is peace, and rest within,

I'll seek some poor one, gone astray,  
And coax him from the path of sin ;  
With Jesus' help, I will ! I will !

When tears steal down the sinner's cheek,  
Though yet the heart is steeled to prayer,  
I'll tell him Jesus came to seek  
The lost, and try to lead him there ;  
With Jesus' help, I will ! I will !

And when upon the beaten road,  
I meet some brother, faint and sore,  
I'll point him to the " crimson blood,"  
I'll lead him to the " open door ;"  
With Jesus' help, I will ! I will !

While traveling through this "vale of tears,"  
When soaring high, or bending low,  
I'll work for Jesus all my years,  
And tell his love where'er I go ;  
With Jesus' help, I will ! I will !

And when at last my work is o'er,  
And death's dark waters round me glide,  
I'll leap in triumph from the shore,  
And praise him on the other side !  
With Jesus' help, I will ! I will !

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S LAST  
TESTIMONY.

Oh, hark! Methinks I listen now to strains  
 Seraphic, pouring through the golden air,  
 Soothing my dying senses, and the pains  
 My long rack'd frame was called upon to bear.  
 Aye! Earth with all its vanities is gone.—  
 I seem to float upon a placid sea  
 Of golden glory, while the sparkling sun,  
 With soft, and soothing beams, shines down on me.  
 Is it *not* Earth? and yet—it cannot be,  
 That Heaven with all its joys can be so near!  
 I scarce can feel my spirit pinions *free*,  
 And yet I *know* that Earth is no more *here*!  
 Ah! floods of sweetest sound! I hear them now!  
 Bursts of sweet music, with ravishing delight  
 Pour in my waking ear, and on my brow  
 I feel the balmy breezes in their flight.  
 A thousand harps ring out upon the air;  
 First slowly—faintly—now more near—more clear—  
 First as a dream, so soft, and low they were—  
 Now bursting loudly on my list'ning ear!

Extatic sounds, that thrill my bounding nerves,  
And soothe the flutt'ring of my waiting heart,  
While on the stream of Death, my frail bark swerves  
From wave to wave, with many a fitful start.  
'Tis but the prelude to the ringing choir,  
That some good angel sent me from afar ;  
Just as the queen of night, with robes of fire,  
First sends before a single Evening star !  
But soon, ah ! soon, my ransomed soul shall see  
The beauties of that "better Land" unfurled,  
And on my ear, immortal, burst in harmony,  
The ORCHESTRA OF GOD'S EMPYRIAL WORLD !

## A P R A Y E R.

Grant me this one petition, Saviour dear,  
 Not that I have but *one* request of Thee,  
 But that this *one*, of many Thou dost hear,  
 Is dearer far than all the rest to me.

I ask not always in the golden light  
 Of Summer sunshine here on Earth to roam,  
 Nor 'mid the shady realms of eventide  
 To pass my life away 'mid dreams of Home.

I ask not Fortune's smile, if it should be  
 Thy blessed will to lead me through the dust,  
 To golden fields of immortality,  
 And "treasures safe, from thieves and free  
 from rust."

I ask not that my eyes should feel no tears,  
 If tears of sympathy with Thee and Thine,  
 And such as wash me cleaner, as the years  
 Roll silently away from me and mine.

I ask not that no clouds beset my way,  
Nor darkness linger round my pathway here,  
If I but feel, and can sincerely say :—  
“ I am the Lords, and He is always near.”

This one petition grant me, Saviour dear :—  
“ Make my poor heart quite clean and pure,  
and good,  
And let it day by day and year by year,  
Sink deeper in Thy healing, cleansing blood.”

## MAKE YOUR MARK.

Not the mark of battle, gory,  
 Not the wreath of worldly fame,  
 But a mark of greater glory,  
 Carve a spotless Christian name.  
 Make your mark in deeds of kindness,  
 On the weary, sin-stained heart,  
 Deeds and words that heal their blindness,  
 Make the tears of gladness start.

Not upon the granite boulder,  
 Spend thy strength in ringing blows,  
 But where holy passions smoulder,  
 While the soul to ruin goes.  
 Make it on the hearts of others,  
 Human scrolls of flesh and blood,  
 Sin-stained hearts and hearts of brothers  
 Washed within the crimson flood.

In the haunts of vice and sorrow,  
 In the dark and cheerless homes,

Where they hope for joy to-morrow,  
But where solace never comes.  
In the chambers, dark and dreary,  
Where the dying sinner lies,  
With his heart sin-laden, weary,  
And the death-glow in his eyes.

On the page of Christian duty,  
Make it broad, and plain and free,  
So that all its sacred beauty  
In your holy life may see.  
Make your mark where angels hover,  
On the lost, the good and true:  
Let the smile of Jesus cover  
All your willing hands may do.



## G O O D - B Y .

Time is but a silent river,  
 Rushing on to meet the sea,  
 Where the years now gone for ever,  
 Make the great eternity ;  
 All along the shady borders,  
 And beneath the changing sky,  
 Floating on the fitful breezes,  
 Comes a plaintive, sad Good-by.  
 Cho.—Good-by, Good-by,  
 Comes a plaintive, sad Good-by !

Little boats all decked with flowers,  
 Glide like sunlight down the stream,  
 'Neath life's green and fragrant bowers,  
 Passing like an angel's dream,  
 Fill'd with happy little children,  
 Happier far than you and I,  
 While amid their shouts of laughter,  
 Floats their plaintive, sad Good-by.  
 Cho.—Good-by, Good-by,  
 Floats their plaintive, sad Good-by !

Boats that flash with youthful splendor,  
 Laden with the young and fair,  
 Youthful hearts, unseared and tender,  
 Flashing eyes and golden hair,  
 Now go bounding down the current,  
 Scarcely dreaming of a sigh,  
 While upon the fragrant zephyrs,  
 Floats that plaintive, sad Good-by.  
 CHO.—Good-by, Good-by,  
 Floats that plaintive, sad Good-by!

Barks are gliding, on the billows  
 Of the wind-be-ruffled tide,  
 'Neath the shade of drooping willows,  
 Hugging close the other side,  
 Laden with the aged Pilgrims,  
 Who, with dim and tearful eyes,  
 Listen calmly to the music  
 Of those plaintive, sad Good-bys.  
 CHO.—Good-by, Good-by,  
 Of that plaintive, sad Good-by!

All along the restless river,  
 Far as God's own eye can see,  
 Heavy laden life-boats quiver,  
 Crowding to eternity,

While upon the gliding waters,  
And along the changing sky,  
From the morn to life's dark even,  
Sounds the plaintive, sad Good-by.  
Choro.—Good-by, Good-by,  
Sounds that plaintive, sad Good-by!

## P E R H A P S .

Perhaps! How the word prophetic cheers  
The weary sinking heart!  
When it looks ahead to the coming years,  
And waits for "the better part."

Perhaps, is the song of the stricken soul,  
Perhaps there is rest for me,  
Perhaps I am nearing the sunny goal,  
Where darkness and sorrow flee.

Perhaps, is the song the aged hum,  
And it soothes the aching breast,  
As they dream of the crowding years to  
come,  
While they slowly sink to rest.

Perhaps! Perhaps! How the world is filled  
With the Dreamer's little song!  
How every heart is fondly stilled,  
As it floats the years among!

## THE LIGHT OF FAITH.

There's a light along my pathway  
I have never dreamed to see,  
And a peace upon my spirit,  
Altogether new to me,  
Since I heard some angel whisper,  
What I wished so much to hear :  
There's a home for you in Heaven,  
There's a crown for you to wear.

There's a glow of brighter crimson  
In the sun-set cloud to-day.  
And a music, softer, sweeter,  
Floating on Life's cheerless way.  
There are scenes of radiant beauty  
I had never seen before,  
Crowding on my mind, and claiming  
All its undeveloped store.

There's a hope, like summer's Rainbow,  
Spanning Life's uncertain sky,

And my soul is resting on it,  
As the fitful moment's fly ;  
For I know that bow of promise  
Reaches far beyond the sky,  
Where the heavens are never clouded,  
Where the ransomed never die.

I am stronger for the battle,  
I am ready for the fray,  
I am trusting in the Father,  
And shall surely win the day.  
I shall *live*—the spirit tells me—  
I shall live to see the Truth :—  
That the watchers on the mountain  
Shall renew their sunny Youth.

## REMEMBER THE POOR.

Think not, because with riches bless'd  
You want for nothing more,  
That what you have is all your own,  
Your lawful stock and store,

Remember there are Brothers now,  
Within your daily round,  
Whose sad, thin faces, tell a tale,  
Their lips would never sound.

Give them a kind and cheering word,  
Lend them a helping hand,  
'Twill raise their drooping spirits, while  
Beneath their loads they bend.

'Twill cheer *your* spirit when you near  
The mystic shadow-land,  
And make you friends with brothers gone  
To join the angel band.

Think not that riches make the man  
More noble, wise, or pure,  
For He who made the high and low,  
Himself though good, was poor.

He gave himself for you and me,  
That we might sometime reign  
As Kings, and Princes, great, and rich,  
Where comes no want or pain.

















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